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*THE TRUANTS.*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOREIGN LEGION.

IT was midday at Sidi Bel-Abbés in Algeria. Two French officers were sitting in front of a café at the wide cross-roads in the centre of the town. One of them was Captain Tavernay, a man of forty-seven, tall, thin, with a brown face worn and tired by the campaigns of thirty years, the other a young lieutenant, M. Laurent, fresh and pink, who seemed to have been passed out but yesterday from the school of St. Cyr. Captain Tavernay picked up his cap from the iron table in front of him and settled it upon his grizzled head. Outside the town trees clustered thickly, farms were half-hidden amongst groves of fig-trees and hedges of aloes. Here there was no foliage. The streets were very quiet, the sunlight lay in dazzling pools of gold upon the sand of the roads, the white houses glittered under a blue, cloudless sky. In front of the two officers, some miles away, the bare cone of Jebel Tessalah sprang upwards from a range of hills dominating the town, and a speck of white upon its shoulder showed where a village perched. Captain Tavernay sat looking out towards the mountain with the lids half-closed upon his eyes. Then he rose deliberately from his chair.

'If we walk to the station,' he said, 'we shall just meet the train from Oran. A batch of thirty recruits is coming in by it. Let us walk to the station, Laurent.'

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Lieutenant Laurent dropped the end of his cigarette on to the ground and stood up reluctantly.

'As you will, Captain,' he answered. 'But we should see the animals soon enough at the barracks.'

The words were spoken in a voice which was almost, and with a shrug of the shoulders which was quite, contemptuous. The day was hot, and Lieutenant Laurent unwilling to move from his coffee and the shade into that burning sunlight. Captain Tavernay gazed mildly at his youthful junior. Long experience had taught him to leave much to time and little to argument. For himself he loved his legionaries. He had a smile of indulgence for their faults even while he punished them; and though his face seldom showed the smile, and his punishments were not unjustly light, the culprits none the less knew it was there hidden somewhere close to his heart. But then he had seen his men in action, and Lieutenant Laurent had not. That made all the difference. The Foreign Legion certainly did not show at its best in a cantonment. Amongst that motley assemblage—twelve thousand men, distinct in nationality as in character, flung together pell-mell, negroes and whites, criminals, adventurers, silent unknown men haunted by memories of other days or tortured by remorse—a garrison town with its monotony and its absinthe played havoc. An Abyssinian rubbed shoulders in the ranks with a scholar who spoke nine languages; a tenor from the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels with an unfrocked priest. Often enough Captain Tavernay had seen one of his legionaries sitting alone hour after hour at his little table outside a café, steadily drinking glass after glass of absinthe, rising mechanically to salute his officer, and sinking back among his impenetrable secrets. Was he dreaming of the other days, the laughter and the flowers, the white shoulders of women? Was he again placing that last stake upon the red which had sent him straight from the table to the nearest French depot? Was he living again some tragic crisis of love in which all at once he had learned that he had been befooled and derided? Captain Tavernay never passed such a man but he longed to sit down by his side and say: 'My friend, share your secret with me; so will it be easier to bear.' But the etiquette of the Foreign Legion forbade. Captain Tavernay merely returned the salute and passed on, knowing that very likely his legionary would pass the night in the guard-room and the next week in the cells. No; the town of Sidi Bel-Abbés was

not the place wherein to learn the mettle of the legionary. Away to the south there, beyond the forest of trees on the horizon's line, things were different. Let Lieutenant Laurent see the men in their bivouacs at night under the stars, and witness their prowess under arms, *ces animaux* would soon become *mes enfants*.

Therefore he answered Lieutenant Laurent in the mildest voice.

'We shall see them at the barracks, it is true. But you are wrong when you say that it will be soon enough. At the barracks they will be prepared for us, they will have their little stories ready for us, they will be armed with discretion. But let us see them descend from the train, let us watch their first look round at their new home, their new fatherland. We may learn a little, and if it is ever so little it will help us to know them the better afterwards. And at the worst it will be an amusing exercise in psychology.'

They walked away from the café and strolled down the Rue de Mascara under the shady avenue of trees, Tavernay moving with a long, indolent stride, which covered a deal of ground with a surprising rapidity, Laurent fidgeting along discontentedly at his side. M. Laurent was beginning, in fact, to regret the hurry with which he had sought a commission in the Foreign Legion. M. Laurent had, a few months ago, in Paris, imagined himself to be irrevocably in love with the wife of one of his friends, a lady at once beautiful and mature; M. Laurent had declared his passion upon a suitable occasion; M. Laurent had been snubbed for his pains; M. Laurent in a fit of pique had sought the consolation of another climate and foreign service; and M. Laurent was now quickly realising that he was not nearly so heart-broken as he had fancied himself to be. Already while he walked to the station he was thinking that after all Paris was endurable, even though one particular woman could not refrain from a little smile of amusement when he crossed her path.

Captain Tavernay had timed their walk accurately. For as they reached the station the train was signalled.

'Let us stand here, behind these cases,' said Tavernay. 'We shall see and not be seen.'

In a few moments the train moved slowly in and stopped. From the furthest carriage the detachment descended and, following a *sous-officier* in the uniform of the Legion, walked towards the cases behind which Tavernay and his companion

were concealed. In front came two youths, fair of complexion and of hair, dressed neatly, well shod, who walked with a timidity of manner as though they expected to be questioned and sent packing.

'Who can they be?' asked Laurent. 'They are boys.'

'Yet they will give their age as eighteen,' replied Tavernay, and his voice trembled ever so slightly; 'and we shall ask no questions.'

'But they bear no marks of misery. They are not poor. Whence can they come?' Laurent repeated.

'I can tell you that,' said Tavernay. He was much moved. He spoke with a deep note of reverence. 'They come from Alsace or Lorraine. We get many such. They will not serve Germany. At all costs they *will* serve France.'

Lieutenant Laurent was humbled. Here was a higher motive than pique, here was a devotion which would not so quickly tire of discipline and service. He gazed with a momentary feeling of envy at these two youths who insisted at so high a price on being his compatriots.

'You see,' said Tavernay, with a smile, 'it was worth while to come to the station and see the recruits arrive, even on so hot a day as this.'

'Yes,' replied Laurent; and then 'look!'

Following the two youths walked a man tall and powerful, with the long, loose stride of one well versed in sports. He held his head erect and walked defiantly, daring you to question him. His hands were long and slender, well-kept, unused to labour, his face aquiline and refined. He looked about thirty-five years old. He wore a light overcoat of a fine material which hung open, and underneath the overcoat he was attired in evening dress. It was his dress which had riveted Laurent's attention; and certainly nothing could have seemed more bizarre, more strangely out of place. The hot African sun poured down out of a cloudless sky; and a new recruit for the Foreign Legion stepped out of a railway carriage as though he had come straight from a ball-room. What sudden disaster could have overtaken him? In what tragedy had he borne a part? Even Laurent's imagination was stimulated into speculation. As the man passed him, Laurent saw that his tie was creased and dusty, his shirt-front rumpled and soiled. That must needs have been. At some early hour on a spring morning, some four or five days ago, this man must have rushed

into the guard-room of a barrack-square in some town of France Laurent turned to Tavernay eagerly :

‘What do you make of him?’

Tavernay shrugged his shoulders.

‘A man of fashion who has made a fool of himself. They make good soldiers as a rule.’

‘But he will repent!’

‘He has already had the time, and he has not. There is no escort for recruits until they reach Marseilles. Suppose that he enlisted in Paris. He is given the fare. At any station between Paris and Marseilles he could have got out and returned.’

The man in evening-dress walked on. There were dark shadows under his eyes, the eyes themselves were sombre and alert.

‘We shall know something of him soon,’ said Tavernay. He watched his recruit with so composed an air that Laurent cried out :

‘Can nothing astonish you?’

‘Very little,’ answered Tavernay, phlegmatically. ‘Listen, my friend. One day some years ago a captain of Hussars landed at Oran. He came to Bel-Abbés with a letter of introduction to me. He stayed with me. He expressed a wish to see my men on parade. I turned them out. He came to the parade-ground and inspected them. As he passed along the ranks he suddenly stopped in front of an old soldier with fifteen years’ service in the Legion, much of which fifteen years had been passed in the cells. The old soldier was a drunkard—oh, but a confirmed drunkard. Well, in front of this man my young Captain with the curled moustaches stopped—stopped and turned very pale. But he did not speak. My soldier looked at him respectfully, and the Captain continued his inspection. Well, they were father and son—that is all. Why should anything astonish me?’ and Captain Tavernay struck a match and lighted a cigarette.

The match, however, attracted attention to the presence of the officers. Four men who marched, keeping time with their feet and holding their hands stiffly at their sides, saw the flame and remarked the uniforms. Their hands rose at once to the salute.

‘Ah! German deserters,’ said Tavernay. ‘They fight well.’

Others followed, men in rags and out of shoe-leather, outcasts and fugitives; and behind them came one who was different.

He was tall and well-knit, with a frank open face, not particularly intellectual, on the other hand not irretrievably stupid. He was dressed in a double-breasted blue serge suit, and as he walked he now and then gave a twist to his fair moustache, as though he were uneasy and embarrassed. Captain Tavernay ran his eyes over him with the look of a connoisseur.

'Aha!' said he with a chuckle of satisfaction. 'The true legionary! Hard, finely trained, he has done work too. Yes! You see, Laurent, he is a little ashamed, a little self-conscious. He feels that he is looking a fool. I wonder what nationality he will claim.'

'He comes from the North,' said Laurent. 'Possibly from Normandy.'

'Oh, I know what he is,' returned Tavernay. 'I am wondering only what he will claim to be. Let us go outside and see.'

Tavernay led the way to the platform. Outside, in front of the station, the *sous-officier* marshalled his men in a line. They looked a strange body of men as they stood there, blinking in the strong sunlight. The man in the ruffled silk hat and the dress-suit toed the line beside a bundle of rags; the German deserters rubbed elbows with the 'true legionary' in the blue serge. Those thirty men represented types of almost all the social grades, and to a man they were seeking the shelter of anonymity in that monastery of action, the Foreign Legion.

'Answer to your names,' said the *sous-officier*, and from a paper in his hand he began to read. The answers came back, ludicrous in their untruth. A French name would be called.

'Montaubon.'

And a German voice replied :

'Present.'

'Ohlsen,' cried the *sous-officier*, and no answer was given. 'Ohlsen,' he repeated sharply. 'Is not Ohlsen here?'

And suddenly the face of the man in the serge suit flushed, and he answered hurriedly :

'Present.'

Even the *sous-officier* burst into a laugh. The reason for the pause was too obvious; 'Ohlsen' had forgotten that Ohlsen was now his name.

'My lad, you must keep your ears open,' said the *sous-officier*. 'Now, attention. Fours right. March!'

And the detachment marched off towards the barracks.

'Ohlsen,' said Tavernay, and he shrugged his shoulders. 'Well, what does it matter? Come!'

'Ohlsen' was Tony Stretton, and all the way along the Rue Daya to the barracks he was longing for the moment when he would put on the uniform and cease to figure ridiculously in this grotesque procession. None the less he had to wait with the others drawn up in the barrack-square until Captain Tavernay returned. The Captain went to his office and thither the recruits were marched. One by one they entered in at the door, answered his questions, and were sent off to the regimental tailor. Tony Stretton was the last.

'Name?' asked Tavernay.

'Hans Ohlsen.'

'Town of enlistment?'

'Marseilles.'

Tavernay compared the answers with some writing on a sheet of paper.

'Yes, Marseilles. Passed by the doctor Paul as sound of body. Yes,' and he resumed his questions.

'Nationality?'

'Swede.'

Captain Tavernay had a smattering of most languages, and he was greatly inclined to try his new recruit with a few questions in the Swedish tongue. But the etiquette of the Legion forbade. He went on without a smile:

'Age?'

'Thirty.'

'Vocation?'

'Fisherman.'

Captain Tavernay looked up. This time he could not help smiling.

'Well, it is as good as any other,' said he; and suddenly there was a sound of cries, and three soldiers burst out of a narrow entrance on the further side of the parade ground and came running across the square to the Captain's quarters. Both Tavernay and Stretton looked through the door. There was not a tree in that great square; the sunlight poured down upon the bare brown space with a blinding fierceness. All the recruits but Stretton had marched off; a second ago it had been quite empty and very silent. Now these three men were hurrying across it, shouting, gesticulating with their hands. Stretton looked at them

with surprise. Then he noticed that one of them, the man running in the middle and a little ahead of the others, carried a revolver in his hand and brandished it. Moreover, from the look of his inflamed face, he was shouting threats; the others were undoubtedly shouting warnings. Scraps of their warnings came to Stretton's ears. 'Mon Capitaine!' 'Il veut vous tuer!' 'Rentrez!' They were straining every muscle to catch the threatening soldier up.

Stretton strode to the door, and a voice behind him cried:

'Halt!'

It was Tavernay who was speaking.

'But he is already half-way across the square.'

'Halt!'

And there was no disobeying the command. Captain Tavernay walked to the door.

'A Spanish corporal whom yesterday I degraded to the ranks,' said he. 'Half a pint of *aguardiente* and here's the result.'

Captain Tavernay stepped out of the door and leisurely advanced towards the running men. He gave an order, he raised his hand and the two soldiers who warned him fell back and halted. Certainly Captain Tavernay was accustomed to obedience. The Spanish ex-corporal ran on alone, straight towards Tavernay, but as he ran, as he saw the officer standing there alone, quietly waiting his onslaught, his threats weakened, his pace slackened. He came to a stop in front of Tavernay.

'I must kill you!' he cried, waving his revolver.

'You shall kill me from behind, then,' said Tavernay calmly. 'Follow me!' And he turned round, and with the same leisurely deliberation walked back to his room. The ex-corporal hesitated and—obeyed. He followed Captain Tavernay into the room where Stretton stood.

'Place your revolver on the table.'

The Spaniard again obeyed. Tavernay pushed open the door of an inner room.

'You are drunk,' he said. 'You must not be seen in this condition by your fellow-soldiers. Go in and lie down!'

The Spaniard stared at his officer stupidly, tottering upon his limbs. Then he staggered into the Captain's room. Tavernay turned back to Stretton and a ghost of a smile crept into his face.

'*C'est du théâtre*,' he said, with a little shrug of the shoulders.

'But what would you have, monsieur?' And he spoke to Stretton as to an equal. 'You are astonished. It is very likely not your way in your—fishing-boats,' he continued with a chuckle. Stretton knew very well that he meant 'army.' 'But there is no Foreign Legion amongst your—fishermen.' He laughed again; and gathering up his papers dismissed Stretton to the tailor's. But after Stretton had taken a few steps across the parade, Tavernay called him back again. He looked at him with a very friendly smile.

'I, too, enlisted at Marseilles,' he said. 'One can rise in the Foreign Legion by means of these'—and he touched lightly the medals upon his breast. This was Tony Stretton's introduction to the Foreign Legion.

CHAPTER XVII.

CALLON LEAVES ENGLAND.

SPRING that year drew summer quickly after it. The lilac had been early in flower, the days bright and hot. At nine o'clock on a July morning Callon's servant drew up the blinds in his master's room and let the sunlight in. Lionel Callon stretched himself in bed and asked for his letters and his tea. As he drank the tea he picked up the letters one by one, and the first at which he looked brought a smile of satisfaction to his face. The superscription told him that it was from Millie Stretton. That little device of a quarrel had proved successful then. He tore open the envelope and read the letter. Millie wrote at no great length, but what was written satisfied Callon. She could not understand how the quarrel had arisen. She had been thinking over it many times since it happened, and she was still baffled. She had not had a thought of hurting him. How could she, since they were friends? She had been hoping to hear from him, but since some time had passed and no word had reached her, she must write and say that she thought it sad their friendship should have ended as it had.

It was a wistful little letter, and as Callon laid it down he said to himself 'Poor little girl'; but he said the words with a smile rather than with any contrition. She had been the first to write—that was the main point. Had he given in, had he been the one to make the advance, to save her the troubled specula-

tions, the sorrow at this abrupt close to their friendship, Millie Stretton would have been glad, no doubt, but she would have thought him weak. Now he was the strong man. He had caused her suffering and abased her to seek a reconciliation. Therefore he was the strong man. Well, women would have it so, he thought with a chuckle, and why should he complain?

He wrote a note to Millie Stretton announcing that he would call that afternoon, and despatched the note by a messenger. Then he turned to his other letters, and amongst them he found one which drove all the satisfaction from his thoughts. It came from a firm of solicitors, and was couched in a style with which he was not altogether unfamiliar.

Sir,—Messrs. Deacon & Sons (Livery Stables, Montgomery Street) having placed their books in our hands for the collection of their outstanding debts, we must ask you to send us a cheque in settlement of your account by return of post, and thus save further proceedings.

We are, yours, &c.,
HUMPHREYS & NEILL.

Callon allowed the letter to slip from his fingers, and lay for a while very still, feeling rather helpless, rather afraid. It was not merely the amount of the bill which troubled him, although that was inconveniently large. But there were other reasons. His eyes wandered to a drawer in his dressing-table. He got out of bed and unlocked it. At the bottom of that drawer lay the other reasons, piled one upon the other—letters couched in just the same words as that which he had received this morning, and—still worse!—signed by this same firm of Humphreys and Neill. Moreover, every one of those letters had reached him within the last ten days. It seemed that all his tradesmen had suddenly placed their books in the hands of Messrs. Humphreys and Neill.

Callon took the letters back to his bed. There were quite an astonishing number of them. Callon himself was surprised to see how deep he was in debt. They littered the bed—tailors' bills; bills for expensive little presents of jewellery; bills run up at restaurants for dinners and suppers; bills for the hire of horses and carriages; bills of all kinds—and there were just Mr. Callon's election expenses in Mr. Callon's exchequer that morning. Even if he parted with them, they would not pay a fifth part of the sum claimed. Fear invaded him; he saw no way out of his troubles. Given time, he could borrow enough, no doubt, scrape enough money together one way or another to tide himself over

the difficulty. His hand searched for Millie Stretton's letter and found it, and rejected it. He needed time there; he must walk warily or he would spoil all. And looking at the letters he knew that he had not the time.

It was improbable, nay more than improbable, that all these bills were in the hands of one firm by mere chance. No; somewhere he had an enemy. A man—or it might be a woman—was striking at him out of the dark, striking with knowledge too. For the blow fell where he could least parry it. Mr. Mudge would have been quite satisfied could he have seen Callon as he lay that morning with the summer sunlight pouring into his bedroom. He looked more than his age, and his face was haggard. He felt that a hand was at his throat, a hand which gripped and gripped with an ever-increasing pressure.

He tried to guess who his enemy might be. But there were so many who might be glad to do him an ill-turn. Name after name occurred to him, but amongst those names was not the name of Mr. Mudge. That shy and inoffensive man was the last whom he would have suspected to be meddling with his life.

Callon sprang out of bed. He must go down to Lincoln's Inn Fields and interview Messrs. Humphreys and Neill. Summonses would never do with a general election so near. He dressed quickly, and soon after ten was in the office of that firm. He was received by a bald and smiling gentleman in spectacles.

'Mr. Callon?' said the smiling gentleman, who announced himself as Humphreys. 'Oh, yes. You have come in reference to the letters which our clients have desired us to send you?'

'Yes,' replied Callon. 'There are a good number of letters.'

The smiling gentleman laughed genially.

'A man of fashion, Mr. Callon, has of course many expenses which we humdrum business people are spared. Let me see. The total amount due is——' And Mr. Humphreys made a calculation with his pen.

'I came to ask for an extension of time,' Callon blurted out; and the smiling gentleman ceased to smile. He gazed through his spectacles with a look of the utmost astonishment. 'You see, Mr. Humphreys, all these bills, each one accompanied with a peremptory demand for payment, have been presented together, almost as it were by the same post.'

'They are all, however, to account rendered,' said Mr. Humphreys as he removed and breathed upon his spectacles

'It would, I frankly confess, seriously embarrass me to settle them all at once.'

'Dear, dear!' said Mr. Humphreys, in a voice of regret. 'I am very sorry. These duties are very painful to me, Mr. Callon. But I have the strictest instructions.' And he rose from his chair to conclude the interview.

'One moment,' said Callon. 'I want to ask you how it is that all my bills have come into your hands? Who is it who has bought them up?'

'Really, really, Mr. Callon,' the lawyer protested. 'I cannot listen to such suggestions.' And then the smile came back to his face. 'Why not pay them in full?' His eyes beamed through his spectacles. He had an air of making a perfectly original and delightful suggestion. 'Sit down in this comfortable chair now, and write me out a little cheque for—let me see——' And he went back to his table.

'I must have some time,' said Callon.

Mr. Humphreys was gradually persuaded that the concession of a little time was reasonable.

'A day, then,' he said. 'We will say a day, Mr. Callon. This is Wednesday. Some time to-morrow we shall hear from you.' And he bowed Callon from his office. Then he wrote a little note and despatched it by a messenger into the City. The message was received by Mr. Mudge, who read it, took up his hat, and jumping into a hansom cab, drove westward with all speed.

Lionel Callon, on the contrary, walked back to his rooms. He had been in tight places before, but never in one quite so tight. Before, it was really the money which had been needed. Now, what was needed was his ruin. To make matters worse he had no idea of the particular person who wished to ruin him. He walked gloomily back to his club and lunched in solitude. A day remained to him, but what could he do in a day, unless——?' There was a certain letter in the breast-pocket of Callon's coat to which, more than once as he lunched, his fingers strayed. He took it out and read it again. It was too soon to borrow in that quarter, but his back was against the wall. He saw no other chance of escape. He drove to Millie Stretton's house in Berkeley Square at the appointed time that afternoon.

But Mr. Mudge had foreseen. When he jumped into his hansom cab he had driven straight to the house in Audley Square where Pamela Mardale was staying with some friends.

'Are you lunching anywhere?' he asked. 'No? Then lunch with Lady Stretton, please! And don't go away too soon! See as much as you can of her during the next two days.'

As a consequence, when Lionel Callon was shown into the drawing-room, he found Pamela Mardale in her most talkative mood, and Millie Stretton sitting before the tea-table silent and helpless. Callon stayed late; Pamela stayed later. Callon returned to his club, having said not a single word upon the momentous subject of his debts.

He ordered a stiff brandy and soda. Somehow he must manage to see Millie Stretton alone. He thought, for a moment, of writing; he indeed actually began to write. But the proposal looked too crude when written down. Callon knew the tactics of his game. There must, in a word, be an offer from Millie, not a request from him. He tore up his letter, and while he was tearing it up, Mr. Mudge entered the smoking-room. Mudge nodded carelessly to Callon, and then seemed to be struck by an idea. He came across to the writing-table and said:

'Do I interrupt you? I wonder whether you could help me. You know so many people that you might be able to lay your finger at once on the kind of man I want.'

Callon looked up carelessly at Mudge.

'No. You are not interrupting me. What kind of man do you want?'

'I want a man to superintend an important undertaking which I have in hand.'

Callon swung round in his chair. All his carelessness had gone. He looked at Mr. Mudge, who stood drumming with his fingers on the writing-table.

'Oh,' said Callon. 'Tell me about it.'

He walked over to a corner of the room which was unoccupied and sat down. Mudge sat beside him and lighted a cigar.

'I want a man to supervise, you understand. I don't want an expert. For I have engineers and technical men enough on the spot. And I don't want anyone out of my office. I need someone, on whom I can rely, to keep me in touch with what is going on—someone quite outside my business and its associations.'

'I see,' said Callon. 'The appointment would be—for how long?'

'Two years.'

'And the salary would be good?'

Callon leaned back on the lounge as he put the question, and he put it without any show of eagerness. Two years would be all the time he needed wherein to set himself straight; and it seemed the work would not be arduous.

'I think so,' replied Mudge. 'You shall judge for yourself. It would be four thousand a year.'

Callon did not answer for a little while simply because he could not trust himself to speak. His heart was beating fast. Four thousand a year for two years! He would be able to laugh at that unknown enemy who was striking at him from the dark.

'Should I do?' he asked at length, and even then his voice shook. Mr. Mudge appeared, however, not to notice his agitation. He was looking down at the carpet and tracing the pattern with the ferrule of his walking-stick.

'Of course,' he said with a smile, as though Callon had been merely uttering a joke. He did not even lift his eyes to Callon's face. 'Of course. I only wish you were serious.'

'But I am,' cried Callon.

Mr. Mudge looked at his companion now, and with surprise.

'Are you? But you wouldn't have the time to spare. You are standing for a constituency.'

Callon shrugged his shoulders.

'Oh, I am not so very keen about Parliament. And there are reasons why I would welcome the work.'

Mr. Mudge answered with alacrity.

'Then we will consider it settled. Dine with me to-night at my house, and we will talk the details over.'

Callon accepted the invitation, and Mudge rose from his seat. Callon, however, detained him.

'There's one difficulty in the way,' and Mr. Mudge's face became clouded with anxiety. 'The truth is, I am rather embarrassed at the present moment. I owe a good deal of money, and I am threatened with proceedings unless it is immediately paid.'

Mudge's face cleared at once.

'Oh, is that all?' he exclaimed cheerily. 'How much do you owe?'

'Pretty nearly my first year's salary.'

'Well, I will advance you half at once. Offer them two thousand on account, and they will stay proceedings.'

'I don't know that they will,' replied Callon.

'You can try them at all events. If they won't accept half, send them to me, and we will make some other arrangement. But they are sure to. They are pressing for immediate payment because they are afraid they will get nothing at all by any other way. But offer them two thousand down, and see the pleasant faces with which they will greet you.' Mr. Mudge was quite gay now that he understood how small was the obstacle which hindered him from gaining Lionel Callon's invaluable help. 'I will write you a cheque,' he said; and sitting down at a writing-table he filled out a cheque and brought it back. He stood in front of Callon with the cheque in his hand. He did not give it to Callon at once. He had not blotted it, and he held it by a corner and gently waved it to and fro so that the ink might dry. It followed that those tantalising 'noughts,' three of them, one behind the other and preceded by a two like a file of soldiers with a sergeant at the head, and that excellent signature 'John Mudge' were constantly before Callon's eyes, now approaching him like some shy maiden in a flutter of agitation, now coyly receding. But to no shy maiden had Lionel Callon ever said 'I love you,' with so glowing an ardour as he felt for that most tantalising cheque.

'I ought to have told you,' said Mr. Mudge, 'that the undertaking is a railway abroad.'

Callon had been so blinded by the dazzle of the cheque that he had not dreamed of that possibility. Two years abroad, even at four thousand a year, did not at all fit in with his scheme of life.

'Abroad?' he repeated doubtfully. 'Where?'

'Chili,' said Mr. Mudge; and he looked at the cheque to see that the ink was quite dry. Perhaps Mr. Mudge's voice was a trifle too unconcerned. Perhaps there was something a little too suggestive in his examination of his cheque. Perhaps he kept his eyes too deliberately from Callon's face. At all events, Callon became suddenly suspicious. There flashed into his mind by some trick of memory a picture—a picture of Mr. Mudge and Pamela Mardale talking earnestly together upon a couch in a drawing-room and of himself sitting at a card-table, fixed there till the game was over, though he knew well that the earnest conversation was aimed against himself. He started, he looked at Mudge in perplexity.

'Well?' said Mudge.

‘Wait a moment!’

Pamela Mardale was Millie Stretton’s friend. There was that incident in the hall—Millie Stretton coming down the stairs and Pamela in front of the mirror over the mantel-piece. Finally there was Pamela’s persistent presence at Millie Stretton’s house this afternoon. One by one the incidents gathered in his recollections and fitted themselves together and explained each other. Was this offer a pretext to get him out of the way? Callon after all was not a fool, and he asked himself why in the world Mr. Mudge should, just at this moment when he was in desperate straits, offer him 4,000*l.* a year to superintend a railway in Chili?

‘Well?’ said Mudge again.

‘I must have time to think over the proposition,’ replied Callon. He meant that he must have time to obtain an interview with Millie Stretton. But Mudge was ready for him.

‘Certainly,’ said he. ‘That is only reasonable. It is seven o’clock now. You dine with me at eight. Give me your answer then.’

‘I should like till to-morrow morning,’ said Callon.

Mr. Mudge shook his head.

‘That, I am afraid, is impossible. We shall need all to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements and to talk over your duties. For if you undertake the work you must leave England on the day after.’

Callon started up in protest. ‘On the day after!’ he exclaimed.

‘It gives very little time, I know,’ said Mudge. Then he looked Callon quietly and deliberately in the eyes. ‘But, you see, I want to get you out of the country at once.’

Callon no longer doubted. He had thought, through Mr. Mudge’s help, to laugh at his enemy; and lo! the enemy was Mudge himself. It was Mudge who had bought up his debts, who now held him in so secure a grip that he did not think it worth while to practise any concealment. Callon was humiliated to the verge of endurance. Two years in Chili pretending to supervise a railway! He understood the position which he would occupy; he was within an ace of flinging the offer back. But he dared not.

‘Very well,’ he said. ‘I will give you my answer at eight.’

‘Thanks. Be punctual.’ Mr. Mudge sauntered away. There could only be the one answer. Mr. Lionel Callon might twist

and turn as he pleased, he would spend two years in Chili. It was five minutes past seven besides. Callon could hardly call at the house in Berkeley Square with any chance of seeing Lady Stretton between now and eight. Mudge was contented with his afternoon.

At eight o'clock Callon gave in his submission and pocketed the cheque. At eleven he proposed to go, but Mudge, mindful of an evening visit which he had witnessed from a balcony, could not part from his new manager so soon. There was so little time for discussion even with every minute of Callon's stay in England. He kept Callon with him until two o'clock in the morning; he made an appointment with him at ten, and there was a note of warning in his voice which bade Callon punctually keep it. By one shift and another he kept him busy all the next day, and in the evening Callon had to pack, to write his letters, and to make his arrangements for his departure. Moreover, Pamela Mardale dined quietly with Millie Stretton and stayed late. It thus happened that Callon left England without seeing Millie Stretton again. He could write, of course; but he could do no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOUTH OF OUARGLA.

'HALT!' cried Captain Tavernay.

The bugler at his side raised his bugle to his lips and blew. The dozen chasseurs d'Afrique and the ten native scouts who formed the advance guard stopped upon the signal. A couple of hundred yards behind them the two companies of the Foreign Legion came to a standstill. The convoy of baggage mules upon the right flank, the hospital equipment, the artillery section, the herd of oxen which was driven along in the rear, in a word, the whole expedition, halted in a wood of dwarf-oaks and junipers at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The order was given to gather wood for the night's camp fires, and the companies were dismissed. Each soldier made his little bundle and fixed it upon his shoulders. Again the bugle rang out, sounding the 'Fall in.' And the tiny force marched out from the trees of the high plateaux into the open desert. It was extraordinary with what abruptness that transition was made. One minute the companies were treading upon turf under rustling

leaves, the next they were descending a slope carpeted with halfa-grass which stretched away to the horizon's rim, with hardly a bush to break its bare monotony. At the limit of vision, a great arc like a mirror of silver glittered out of the plain.

'Water,' said a tall, bearded soldier, who marched in the front rank of the first company. It was he who had stepped from the train at Bel-Abbés with a light dust-coat over his evening dress suit. He passed now as Fusilier Barbier, an ex-engineer of Lyons.

'No,' replied Sergeant Ohlsen, who marched at his side; 'the crystals of a dry salt lake.'

In the autumn of last year Ohlsen—or rather, to give him his right name, Tony Stretton—had marched upon an expedition from Mesheria to the Chott Tigri, and knew, therefore, the look of those tantalising salt lakes. That expedition, which had conducted a survey for a road to the Figuig oasis, had brought him his promotion.

'But we camp by the lake to-night,' he added. 'The wells of El-Guethifa are close.'

The companies went forward, and above that salt lake they saw the mirages begin to shimmer, citadels and hanging gardens, tall towers and waving woods and majestic galleons, topsail over topsail, floating upon summer seas. At the wells the sheikh of the district was waiting upon a mule.

'I want fifty camels with their saddles and their drivers at five o'clock to-morrow morning,' said Tavernay; and although as far as the eye could reach there was no moving thing upon that vast plain except the small group of Arabs and soldiers about the well, by five o'clock the camels were squatting upon the sand with their drivers beside them. The mules were sent back from El-Guethifa that morning, the baggage was packed upon the camels, and the little force, insufficient in numbers and supplies, went forward on its long and untoward march.

It passed through the oases of El-Maia and Methlili to Ouargla, at that time the last outpost of French authority. At Ouargla it rested for a week; and there, renewing its supplies, penetrated southwards to survey the desert country of the Touaregs for the construction of the oft-mooted trans-Saharan railway. South of Ouargla all the difficulties of the advance were doubled. The companies went down through the archipelago of oases in the dangerous Touat country amongst a sullen people,

who had little food to supply, and would hardly supply it. Tavernay led his men with care, neither practising a discipline needlessly strict, nor relaxing into carelessness. But he was under-officered, and his officers even so were inexperienced. Lieutenant Laurent, a man irritable and unjust, was his second in command, and there were but two *sous-lieutenants* besides. In spite of all Tavernay's care the convoy diminished. One day a camel would stumble on the slippery bottom of a salt marsh, fall, and break its limbs; the next another would fail, and die through a long-untended wound, caused by the rough saddle upon its back. In the ranks of the soldiers, too, there was trouble, and Laurent was not the man to deal with it. There was hardly a company of the Legion, recruited, as it so largely was, from the outcasts and the men of sorrows, in which there were not some of disordered minds, some whom absinthe had brought to the edge of insanity. Upon these the severity of the expedition bore heavily. Tents had been perforce discarded. The men slept under the stars. They woke from freezing nights to the bitter winds of dawn, and two hours after dawn they were parched by a burning sun, and all the day they suffered under its pitiless and blinding glare. Storms whelmed them in lofty spirals of whirling, choking sand. For a week they would toil over high red mountainous ground of loose stones; then would follow the monotony of bare round plains, piled here and there with black rocks, quivering and glittering in the heat; the sun rose day after day upon their left hand in scarlet, and set in scarlet upon their right, and they themselves were still the tiny centre of the same empty inhospitable space; so that only the difference of the ground they trod, the feel of soft sand beneath their feet, where a minute before they had marched on gravel, told them that they progressed at all. The worst of the men became prone to disobedience, eager for change; and every now and then a soldier would rise upon his elbow in the night time, gaze furtively about over his sleeping comrades, watch the sentries until their backs were turned, and then crawl past them into the darkness. Of these men none ever returned. Or some mania would seize upon them and fix a strange idea in their brains, such as that which besieged Barbier, the fusilier, who had once stepped out of the railway carriage in his evening dress. He leaned over towards Stretton one evening, and said in a hoarse, trembling voice:

‘I can stand it no longer.’

Both men were sitting by a tiny fire, which Barbier was feeding with handfuls of halfa-grass and sticks. He was kneeling up in front of it, and by the red waving light Stretton saw that his face was quivering with excitement.

'What can't you stand?' he asked.

'It is Captain Tavernay,' replied Barbier. He suddenly laughed in a pitiful fashion, and cast a glance over his shoulder. 'There is a man put on to watch me. Night and day I am watched by Captain Tavernay's orders. He wants to fix a crime on me! I know. He wants to trap me. But let him take care!'

Stretton fetched the doctor, who listened for a while to Barbier's rambling, minatory talk, and then shrugged his shoulders.

'Hallucinations,' said he. 'Ideas of persecution. The commonest form,' and having fixed Barbier into his proper category he walked away. There was nothing to be done for Barbier upon this expedition. He had to be watched; that was all. Thus for seven hundred miles the force pushed southwards from Ouargla, and thus from within it disintegrated as it went. Tavernay could not but notice the change, but he said nothing to any subordinate. The men would fight well if fighting happened. That he knew, and meanwhile he marched on.

It was just when the seven hundred miles had been completed that Tavernay realised fighting was likely to happen. He went the round of the camp as the sun was setting, when the rifles were piled and the fires crackling. Stretton was at his side, and saw his commander stop and shade his eyes. Tavernay was looking westwards. Far away against the glowing ball of the sun which was just dipping down behind the plain, the figure of an Arab mounted upon a camel stood motionless and black. Tavernay swung round and looked behind him. On the crest of a sandhill to the north a second rider stood distinct against the sky.

Tavernay watched the men for a long time through his glasses.

'Touaregs,' said he gravely. 'Masked Touaregs,' and that night the sentinels were doubled; and in the morning the bugle did not sound the *réveillé*.

Moreover, when the force advanced, it advanced in the formation of a square, with the baggage camels in the centre, one gun in the front line, and the other in the rear. They had marched into the country where the Senoussa sect prevailed. The

monasteries of that body sent out their missionaries eastward to Khordofan, westwards to Tafilet, preaching the purification of the Mohammedan religion and the enlargement of Mohammedan countries now subject to the infidels. But nowhere had the missionaries raised their standard with more success than in this Touat country of the Sahara. The companies marched that day alert and cheerful. They were consolidated by the knowledge of danger. Captain Tavernay led them with pride.

'An insufficient force, ill-found, inadequately officered,' he thought. 'But the men are of the Legion.' They were *mes enfans* to him all that day.

But the attack was not yet to be delivered. During the night the two scouts had ridden on their swift Meharis north-westwards, to the town of Insalah. They knocked upon the gates of the great mud fortress of Abd-el-Kader, the sheikh, and were instantly admitted to the dark room where he sat upon a pile of rugs. When the eyes of the scouts became accustomed to the gloom they saw there was yet another in the room, a tall man robed in black with a black mask of cotton wound about his face so that only his eyes were visible. This was the chieftain of the Hoggar Touaregs.

'Well?' said Abd-el-Kader. And the scouts told him roughly the number of the force and the direction of the journey.

Then Abd-el-Kader turned to the Touareg chieftain.

'We will let them go further south, since southwards they are marching,' he said, in his suave gentle voice. 'A hundred miles more and they will be amongst the sand dunes. Since they have cannon the attack must be sudden. Let it be at the wells of Bir-el-Gharamo.'

The Touareg chieftain rode out that day towards his hills; and, unmolested, Captain Tavernay's expedition went down to the dunes. Great waves of yellow sand, sometimes three hundred feet from crest to base, intersected the face of the desert; the winds had given to their summits the overhang of a breaking sea; they ran this way and that, as though the currents of an ocean had directed their course; they had the very look of motion; so that Stretton could not but remember the roaring combers of the cold North Sea as he gazed upon these silent and arrested copies. They made of that country a maze of intricate valleys. Led by a local guide commandeered from the last oasis, the companies of the Legion marched into the maze, and on the second day saw,

as they came over a hill, just below them in a narrow hollow, a mud parapet built about the mouth of a well. This was Bir-el-Gharamo, and here they camped. Sentries were posted on the neighbouring crests; suddenly the darkness came, and overhead the stars rushed down towards the earth. There was no moon that night, nor was there any sound of danger heard. Three times Tavernay went the round of the sentries, at eight and at ten and at twelve. But at three o'clock, just as the dawn was breaking, a shot was heard. Tavernay sprang up from the ground, the alarm rang out clear from the bugle over the infinite waste, the companies of the Legion seized their piled rifles and fell into battle order with an incredible neatness and expedition. There was no confusion, no noise. The square was formed about the well—the camels were knee-haltered in the middle, the guns placed at the corners. But it was still dark. A few shots were fired on the dunes and the sentries came running back.

'Steady,' cried Captain Tavernay. 'They are coming. Fire low!'

The first volley rang out, and immediately afterwards on every side of that doomed square the impact of the Touaregs' charge fell like the blow of some monstrous hammer. All night they had been gathering noiselessly in the surrounding valleys. Now they had charged with lance and sword from the surrounding crests. Three sides of the square held their ground. The fourth wavered, crumpled in like a piece of broken cardboard, and the Arabs were within the square, stabbing at the backs of the soldiers, loosing and stampeding the camels. And at once, where deep silence had reigned a minute ago, the air was torn with shrill cries and oaths and the clamour of weapons. The square was broken; but here a group of men stood back to back and with cartridge and bayonet held its ground; there another formed; and about each gun the men fought desperately. Meanwhile the morning came, a grey, clear light spread over the desert. Tavernay himself was with one of the machine guns. It was dragged clear of the *mêlée* and up a slope of sand. The soldiers parted in front of it, and its charge began to sweep the Touaregs down like swathes, and to pit the sand hills like a fall of rain. About the other gun the fight still raged.

'Come, my children,' said Tavernay, 'fight well; the Touaregs give no quarter.'

Followed by Stretton he led the charge. The Touaregs gave

way before their furious onslaught. The soldiers reached the gun, faced about, and firing steadily kept off the enemy while the gun was run back. As soon as that was saved the battle was over. All over the hollow, wherever the Touaregs were massed, the two guns rattled out their canister. No Arab could approach them. The sun rose over the earth, and while it was rising the Touaregs broke and fled. When it shone out in its full round, there was no one left of them in that hollow except the wounded and the dead. But the victory had been dearly bought. All about the well, lying pell-mell among the Arabs and the dead camels, were the French Legionaries, some quite still, and others writhing in pain and crying for water. Stretton drew his hand across his forehead. He was stunned and dazed. It seemed to him that years had passed, that he had grown very old. Yet there was the sun new-risen. There was a dull pain in his head. He raised his hand and drew it away wet with blood. How or when he had received the blow he was quite unaware. He stood staring stupidly about him. So very little while ago men were lying here sleeping in their cloaks, quite strong, living people; now they were lying dead or in pain; it was all incomprehensible.

'Why?' he asked aloud of no one. 'Now, why?'

Gradually, however, custom resumed its power. There was a man hanging limp over the parapet of the well. He looked as though he had knelt down and stooped over to drink, and in that attitude had fallen asleep. But he might so easily be pushed into the well, and custom had made the preservation of wells from impurity an instinct. He removed the body and went in search of Tavernay. Tavernay was sitting propped up against a camel's saddle; the doctor was by his side, a blood-stained bandage was about his thigh. He spoke in a weak voice.

'Lieutenant Laurent?'

Stretton went in search. He came across an old grey-headed soldier rolling methodically a cigarette.

'He is dead—over there,' said the soldier. 'Have you a light?'

Laurent had died game. He was lying clasped in the arms of a gigantic Touareg, and while thus held he had been stabbed by another through the back. To that end the contemptuous smile of a lady far away in Paris had brought him. He lay with his face to the sky, his wounded vanity now quite healed. He had earned Tavernay's praise at all events that day. For he had fought well. Of the *sous-lieutenants* one was killed, the other

dangerously wounded. A sergeant-major lay with a broken shoulder beside one of the guns. Stretton went back to Tavernay.

'You must take command, then,' said Tavernay. 'I think you have learnt something about it on your fishing-boats.' And in spite of his pain he smiled.

Stretton mustered the men and called over the names. Almost the first name which he called was the name of 'Barbier,' and Barbier, with a blood-stained rag about his head, answered. Of the two hundred and thirty men who had made up the two companies of the Legion, only forty-seven could stand in the ranks and answer to their names. For those forty-seven there was herculean work to do. Officers were appointed, the dead bodies were roughly buried, the camels collected, litters improvised for the wounded, the goat-skins filled with water. Late in the afternoon Stretton came again to Tavernay.

'We are ready, sir.'

Tavernay nodded and asked for a sheet of paper, an envelope, and ink. They were fetched from his portfolio and very slowly and laboriously he wrote a letter and handed it to Stretton.

'Seal it,' he said, 'now, in front of me.'

Stretton obeyed.

'Keep that letter. If you get back to Ouargla without me, give it to the Commandant there.'

Tavernay was lifted in a litter on to the back of a camel, and the remnant of the geographical expedition began its terrible homeward march. Eight hundred miles lay between Bir-el-Ghiramo and the safety of Ouargla. The Touaregs hung upon the rear of the force, but they did not attack again. They preferred another way. One evening a solitary Arab drove a laden camel into the bivouac. He was conducted to Stretton, and said: 'The Touaregs ask pardon and pray for peace. They will molest you no more. Indeed they will help you, and as an earnest of their true desire for your welfare they send you a camel-load of dates.'

Stretton accepted the present, and carried the message to Tavernay, who cried at once: 'Let no one eat those dates.' But two soldiers had already eaten of them, and died of poison before the morning. Short of food, short of sentinels, the broken force crept back across the stretches of soft sand, the greyish-green plains of halfa-grass, the ridges of red hill. One by one the injured succumbed; their wounds gangrened, they were

tortured by the burning sun and the motion of the camels. A halt would be made, a camel made to kneel, and a rough grave dug.

'Pelissier,' cried Stretton, and a soldier stepped out from the ranks who had once conducted mass in the church of the Madeleine in Paris. Pelissier would recite such prayers as he remembered, and the force would move on again, leaving one more soldier's grave behind it in the desert to protest unnoticed against the economy of governments. Then came a morning when Stretton was summoned to Captain Tavernay's side.

For two days Tavernay had tossed in a delirium. He now lay beneath a rough shelter of cloaks, in his right senses, but so weak that he could not lift a hand, and with a face so pinched and drawn that his years seemed to have been doubled. His eyes shone out from big black circles. Stretton knelt down beside him.

'You have the letter?'

'Yes.'

'Do not forget.'

He lay for a while in a sort of contentment, then he said:

'Do not think this expedition has been waste. A small force first and disaster. . . the big force afterwards to retrieve the disaster, and with it victory, and government and peace, and a new country won for France. That is the law of the Legion. . . *My Legion.*' He smiled, and Stretton muttered a few insincere words.

'You will recover, my captain. You will lead your companies again.'

'No,' said Tavernay, in a whisper. 'I do not want to. I am very happy. Yes, I say that, who joined the Legion twenty years ago. And the Legion, my friend, is the nation of the unhappy. For twenty years I have been a citizen of that nation. . . I pity women who have no such nation to welcome them and find them work. . . For us there is no need of pity.'

And in a few moments he fell asleep, and, two hours later sleeping, died. A pile of stones was built above his grave, and the force marched on. Gaunt, starved, and ragged, the men marched northwards, leaving the Touat country upon their left hand. It struck the caravan route from Tidikelt to Ouargla; it stumbled at last through the gates of the town. Silently it marched through the streets to the French fortress. On no

survivor's face was there any sign of joy that at last their hardships were over, their safety assured. All were too tired, too dispirited. The very people who crowded to see them pass seemed part of an uninteresting show. Stretton went at once to the Commandant and told the story of their disaster. Then he handed him the letter of Captain Tavernay. The Commandant broke the seal and read it through. He looked up at Stretton, a thin spent figure of a man overwrought with sleeplessness and anxiety.

'Tell me how and when this was written,' said the Commandant.

Stretton obeyed, and after he had heard, the Commandant sat with his hand shading his eyes. When he spoke, his voice showed that he was deeply moved.

'You know what the letter contains, Sergeant Ohlsen?'

'No, my Commandant.'

'Read, then, for yourself'; and he passed the letter across his office table. Stretton took it and read. There were a few lines written—only a few; but those few lines recommended Sergeant Ohlsen for promotion to the rank of officer. The Commandant held out his hand.

'That is like our Tavernay,' he said. 'He thought always of his soldiers. He wrote it at once, you see, after the battle was over, lest he should die and justice not be done. Have no fear, my friend. It is you who have brought back to Ouargla the survivors of the Legion. But you must give your real name. There is a scrutiny before a soldier is promoted to the rank of officer. Sergeant Ohlsen. That is all very well. But Lieutenant ——. Come, Lieutenant who?'

He took up his pen.

'Stretton,' replied Tony; and the Commandant wrote down the name.

(To be continued.)

*WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN THE EARLY PART
OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.¹*

BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

THE most conspicuous of the churchmen who helped to make English history in the first half of the seventeenth century had nearly all been connected at some period of their lives with Westminster Abbey. Andrewes and Neile were successively Deans; Williams and Laud were together as Dean and Prebendary; Heylyn, Laud's biographer, who wrote the Church history of the period as we still read it to-day, was a Prebendary; and Hacket, the biographer of Williams, who wrote it from the opposite point of view, as no one cares to read it now, had gone up to Cambridge as a Westminster scholar in 1608, together with his schoolfellow, the delightful George Herbert. The story of their times has been often told, and I have no claim to tell it afresh. The story of the Abbey, too, is accessible to all in Stanley's brilliant pages, and in the more recent 'Annals' by which our late Dean's daughter has admirably supplemented that unique book. I have gleaned where they have already reaped: but the gleanings of such a history as ours are not to be neglected; and it has seemed worth while to piece together a number of hitherto unnoticed facts, inserting a well-known story now and then in the hope of giving a little life to what might otherwise be a dull picture.

We must of necessity begin by seeking an introduction to the early Deans. In the first year of the century the Dean was a very aged man. The Right Worshipful Mr. Gabriel Goodman, Doctor of Divinity (to give him his title as it appears in contemporary documents), had been Dean for forty years. He had in 1561 succeeded Dr. Bill, Queen Elizabeth's first Dean, who had succumbed after a year's endeavour to preside simultaneously over three of the greatest educational establishments in England, as Master of Trinity, Provost of Eton, and Dean of Westminster. Dr. Bill's memory was cherished in Westminster School for many generations; for in 1622, sixty-one years after his death, the Treasurer's accounts contain the entry of a sum 'paid to Thomas Brering for mending the scholer's coverletts given by Doctor Bill sometyme Deane of this Colledge.'

¹ Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Friday, April 29, 1904.

But we are now concerned with Dr. Goodman, who specially interests me as a member of my own College, having been a Fellow of Christ's from 1552 to 1554; who moreover owed his place as a Prebendary, as I owed mine, to the head of the great house of Cecil; and who afterwards as Dean had Lord Burleigh as his Lord High Steward, as it is my good fortune to have the Marquis of Salisbury to-day. I should wish to linger on Dean Goodman, who must, I think, have been a lovable man. The Abbey owed to him its new organisation as a College of Prebendaries, including a famous school: and I cannot refrain from quoting an extract from a letter which he wrote to Lord Burleigh in reference to the project of the new statutes in 1577: 'I beseech your honour that there may be that moderation used, which may be most convenient for all in respect. Hitherto I and the company, I thank God, have agreed very brotherly, with great quietness, as any such company, I hope. I would be sorry, if by seeking to better things, dissension should grow to unquietness.'

But we must leave Dean Goodman, who is really a survival from the last century, and who will be buried in St. Benet's Chapel, near Dean Bill, before the year has half run its course. His successor will again be sought among the Prebendaries, and will again be a Cambridge man, as indeed all the Deans were for the first hundred years. Lancelot Andrewes, master of fifteen languages, the witty courtier, the prince of preachers, and one of the saintliest names of the English Church, had been a Prebendary for four years, when, on the nomination of the Lord High Steward, as was the custom of those days, he was appointed Dean. I find by certain lists of preachers at the Chapel Royal, which have somehow strayed into our muniment room, that with Andrewes began the tradition, which still remains in force, in accordance with which the Good Friday sermon at St. James's is preached by the Dean of Westminster. His memory is preserved at the Deanery by a curious old portrait on wood, by the coloured glass in the Jericho parlour, and by the wainscot there and in the room above. In 1605, after giving us nine of the best years of his life, he became Bishop of Chichester; but he never forgot to pray for τὸ ἐπιζεφύριον μοναστήριον, 'the West Monastery,' as he calls us in his famous book of devotions.

Our new Dean, Richard Neile, was installed on that notorious day, the original 'Fifth of November.' He presented a striking contrast to the refined and graceful scholar whom he succeeded; he had forced his own way up, and was a clumsy,

though a powerful courtier. We see the two ex-Deans at a later period standing by the chair of King James, who knew the good points of each and trusted both. 'My Lord,' said the King, 'cannot I take my subjects' money without all this formality in Parliament?' Neile, now Bishop of Durham, replies: 'God forbid, Sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.' The King turns to Andrewes, the Bishop of Winchester: 'Well, my Lord, what say you?' 'Sir, I have no skill to judge of parliamentary causes.' 'No put-offs, my Lord; answer me presently.' 'Then, Sir, I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it.'

Richard Neile was a Westminster boy, when the famous William Camden was our second master. His father was a tallow-chandler in King Street. Dean Goodman saw the lad's abilities, and sent him to Cambridge in 1580. An unknown benefactor (it was the Lady Mildred, Lord Burleigh's learned wife) had just given scholarships to St. John's College, the holders of which were to be called Dr. Goodman's scholars. But for this bounty, says Neile, 'I thinke I shoulde never have bin sent to the Universitie, but that the best of my Fortune would have bin to have become some Bookesellers apprentice in Paules Churchyard: To which Trade of life Mr. Grante then Schoolemaster here persuaded my Mother to have disposed of mee.' His gratitude, when he returned to live here as Dean, was expressed by his sending up two or three boys to the University every year.

He made an admirable Dean, busy and business-like, putting the college estates and accounts into order, repairing Henry VII.'s Chapel, even mending the wax effigies of the kings. He must have kept more state than his predecessors, for he found his house too small, and built a quaint little chamber on the top of the long wooden gallery. He also built 'for the Deanes use a large Stable sufficient to receave 14 or 16 Geldings,' which with the coachhouse and other rooms cost the immense sum, for those days, of £100. But though he spent boldly in every direction his good management largely increased our revenues, which not long before had been exceedingly scanty. He made William Neile, his elder brother, a kind of *factotum*, giving him various lay posts in the college. Their father Paul had died six years before Richard went up to Cambridge, and Sibill, their mother, after less than a twelvemonth became Mrs. Newell. Her son Robert Newell was presented to the Abbey living of Islip in 1609, and he became a Prebendary in 1620. So the good Dean, like all

others of his time, 'provided for his own.' He arranged moreover that his mother should lie in the great north porch: and at his very last Chapter meeting he secured a remarkable testimonial for himself and his wife in the shape of a grant of a small pew behind the pulpit for Mrs. Neile's use when she might happen to be in Westminster, and a key for himself to the seat where the lessons were read in the choir. He was evidently reluctant to sever his connection with the great church which he had served so well; and it is interesting to find him back again two years after he had ceased to be Dean, with a special mandate from the King for the removal to the Abbey of the body of Mary Queen of Scots.

He was with us five years, in the last two of which he was Bishop of Rochester as well. He then left us to climb the ladder of preferment as Bishop successively of Lichfield, of Lincoln, of Durham, of Winchester; dying at seventy-eight as Archbishop of York, just a couple of days before the Long Parliament met, and the deluge began. He was a good churchman, and we shall hear of him again, for he was the making of his chaplain Laud, for whom he obtained the promise of a prebend in the year that he ceased to be Dean. The two men had both risen from the ranks, and the son of the tallow-chandler of Westminster was the steadfast patron and the lifelong friend of the son of the cloth-merchant of Reading. The next Dean was George Montaigne (or Mountain), who came to us at the end of 1610. He left us for the Bishopric of Lincoln in 1617, but his affection for the neighbourhood of the Court seems to have led him to rent a prebendal house and spend a large sum of money upon it, as we shall see later on. This feature of his somewhat unattractive character reappears in the story by which he is best remembered. He had come back to be Bishop of London in 1620. Eight years later King Charles wished to transfer him to Durham, in order to bring Laud to London. But the mountain refused to be moved, and yielded at last only on the understanding that the utmost of his removal should be 'from London House in the City to Durham House in the Strand.' As a matter of fact, the death of the Archbishop of York provided him with a yet more honourable and less remote see.

When Dr. Mountain left us in 1617, that curious adventurer the Archbishop of Spalato hoped to have got his place, but it was given to Dr. Tolson (or Tounson).¹ In those days the Dean was accustomed to grant dispensations to parishioners of St. Margaret's,

¹ The uncertainty of the name is explained when we discover that his father's name was Tounesonn (Chester Registers, p. 117).

which was then under his exclusive jurisdiction. Dr. Tounson used to hand the fees received for these dispensations to the parish overseers for distribution to the poor. Their receipts for 1618 include such items as this:—

Of the right worll. Mr. Dctr. Tounson, Deane of Westm., for license by him made to eate Fleshe in the Lent season, videlicet:

Of the Right honorable Lord Pagett for a license . . . xxvi^r viii^d.

[Knights and Ladies paid 13s. 4d. and commonsers 6s. 8d.—*Westm. Records*, p. 94.]

One of his latest exploits as Dean was to forbid 'ladies in yellow ruffs to be admitted into his Church.' It appears that he had misunderstood a wish expressed by King James in this regard. A fortnight later he left us for the Bishopric of Salisbury; but he died the next year, and the case of Mrs. Tounson and her fifteen children was so piteous that her brother, Dr. Davenant, was appointed to the vacant see. Yet Mrs. Tounson cannot have been penniless, for in 1624 I find a lease granted to 'Margaret Tounson of Sarum, widow,' of the Ancre's House, called after the old anchorite of Westminster, which abutted on the south side of St. Margaret's chancel. There is a Chapter Order, however, which forbids her to eject the curate, the famous Dr. Isaac Bargrave, afterwards Dean of Canterbury.

For the next twenty years Westminster Abbey was to play a notable part in English history, for John Williams came as Dean in July 1620, and William Laud as Prebendary in Jan. 1621. I concern myself only with them as they appear as figures on our domestic stage. At the age of sixteen Williams had entered St. John's College, Cambridge; at the same age, but nine years before, Laud had entered St. John's College, Oxford. Williams's friend and biographer was a Cambridge man, John Hacket: Laud's was an Oxford man, Peter Heylyn. Williams was promoted early; he was Dean of Westminster at thirty-nine. Laud was promoted late, and embittered thereby; he was Prebendary of Westminster at forty-eight, and there is a trace of dissatisfaction in the entry in his Diary: 'Having had the advowson of it ten years the November before.' The rivalry of these two able men came to be an important element in the history of their time: they both sought Canterbury, and they ended one at Canterbury and the other at York. There is one piece of paper, and perhaps only one, which contains their autographs together, before they had arrived at episcopal signatures. Laud's first Chapter Meeting was on May 4, 1621, and the following Order is signed at the top by 'John Williams' as Dean, and at the bottom by 'William Laud' as the junior of the Prebendaries:—

It is also consented unto in full chapter and now ordered and decreed that Mr. Deane of Westminster and the Præbendaries resident here or as many as he shall call to the number of six shall have full powre . . . to the altering of a lease now taken in trust for the good of the colledg, in the name of Mr. Ellis Wynn; and any other thinge or thinges, concerning the quieting of a controversye like to prove a suite in law, about an house for Mr. Dr. Laud, Dean of Gloucester, belonging to him as Præbendary of this church, and the which he is dispossessed of, which we hope to end in peaceable and quiet manner. . . .

Before Laud signed another Chapter Order he had become Bishop of St. Davids, and wrote himself *GUIL: Menevens*. His rival had attained far greater distinction. When Lord Keeper Francis Bacon was ejected from his office for scandalous practices, King James protested that 'he would have a clergyman: he would have no more lawyers, for they are all so nursed in corruption that they cannot get away from it.' So he chose the Dean of Westminster, who had been Chaplain to Lord Keeper Egerton. When the Lords objected that they were to have over them a man who was not one of themselves, the King made him Bishop of Lincoln, with a special license to retain the Deanery of Westminster.

We are now ready to read the Chapter Order of December 4, 1622:—

It is ordered and decreed by common consent of the Right reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Lincolne, Lord Keeper of the greates seale of England, and Deane of the Collegiate church of St. Peter in Westm^r, and the chapter of the same, Whereas for the regaining of one of the Prebendaries houses, situate in St. Margaret's church yard, lately in the possession of Dr. Bulkely Prebendary, and since demised by lease unto William Man Gent., to the use of the Lord Bishop of London then Deane of Westm^r, the sum of 200 *li*. was to be repaid to the said Lord Bishop of London in consideration of his charges expended in repairing the said house, that the sum of 100*li*. should be paid by the Lord Bishop of St. Davids in regard of his enioing the said house, so repaired, and that 100*li*. more should be paid by the Deane and chapter: of which sum the Deane and chapter have presently laid downe 30*li*. in part: and the remainder of the said 100*li*. my Lord Keeper is pleased to lay downe for the present, and to receive the same at the two chapters next ensuing, by even portions. And it is farther decreed by the Deane and chapter aforesaid, that the said Lord Bishop of St. Davids in consideration of his charges, and monye disbursed, shall receive by himself, or his Executors, the sum of 80*li*., to be repaid to him, by his next successor in the said house and Prebend, . . .

From these Orders it would appear that the junior Prebendary was somewhat of a stormy petrel at his first entrance amongst us. To understand the position we must study some hitherto unwritten pages of our domestic history. As late as 1740, when by the aid of a grant from Parliament the site was cleared, there were two prebendal houses on the north side of the nave, and three smaller tenements between them. The artists have always disapproved of them, and every picture that I have been able to find

shows the site as clear as it is to-day. But the one which interests us most, the house nearest the north porch, was occupied by a Prebendary in the time of King Edward VI. An Act of Parliament of 1552, defining the precincts of the church, speaks of 'the Prebendaries house now in the possession of Barnard Sandyforth,¹ Clarke, 'one of the Prebendaries of the said Church, and the groundes and other howses adioyninge to the same howse on the northe parte of the said Church.' In 1590 we find Dr. Bulkeley in this house; for 'a tenement or lodg' next to him was then let to a notable citizen of Westminster, Maurice Pickering, who with Joan his wife had presented the burgesses with their now famous cup two years before. We first come across Maurice Pickering as a verger in 1572, and then as allowed to have a deputy in that office. He was for a long time keeper of the Gatehouse. In 1592, he and 'Joan his wife' are allowed to have 'a quill of water at their own costs to their new house' from the house of Dr. Bulkeley.

So far then we have two houses, Dr. Bulkeley, Prebendary, and Maurice Pickering, Gent., living side by side. We shall presently find a stable, and then a house, further west close by the tower. In 1604 Mr. Pickering is gone, and Hugh Parlor and Edmund his son are Dr. Bulkeley's neighbours. Then the house is let to Sir Edw. Zouche (1608), and then Dudley Norton, soon to be knighted, comes in 1610.

In this year we get our first sight of the stable next to this house. It is let to William Man and William Neale. The former was son of William Man, and collector to the Dean and Chapter. His mother, Widow Man, had married again, and we have the account of what it cost William Meredith, Dr. Goodman's secretary, to woo and secure this lady. The latter was elder brother of Dean Neile. When Neile was Bishop of Lichfield or of Durham it suited him to have this stable. But later the site was used to build another prebendal house. Here Dr. Durant de Brevalt lived in 1674, and Dr. Barker from 1716 till it was cleared away about 1740.

This story is put together out of old leases and Chapter Orders, and more might be said of Maurice Pickering's house, as *e.g.* that it was commonly called 'Mason's Lodge,' and that its place was taken in 1668 by three small houses, built by one John Shorter, who undertook to remove certain insanitary arrangements hard by the Abbey buttresses.

¹ He was Prebendary from 1546 to 1554, going out when the monks came back.

But we must return to Dr. Bulkeley, who long survived his neighbour, Mr. Pickering. He ceased however to live in this house, and it was let for forty years to William Man in 1613, when Dr. Mountain was Dean. Dr. Bulkeley had surrendered it into the hands of the Dean and Chapter, and in 1616 he was assigned in lieu of it 'a great stone house' within the Close. This was the house long called 'the Dean's house,' because the Dean had occupied it during the ten unhappy years in which a Bishop of Westminster was in the Deanery. In 1662 it was rebuilt by Inigo Jones for Colonel Ashburnham, who bought the site, which only returned to the Chapter in 1741, when the houses outside in the churchyard were pulled down.

When this house was assigned to Dr. Bulkeley, it was further stipulated that it should go to his successor, 'if he be Dr. Nuel only.' But Dr. Newell did not succeed Dr. Bulkeley. He was Neile's half-brother, and doubtless through him had obtained the promise of a prebend. His hopes, however, were realised some months before Dr. Bulkeley died. Laud succeeded Bulkeley. What house was he to have? William Man had sublet the house outside to Dr. Mountain, formerly Dean. But Dr. Mountain was just now migrating to London House; and so Dr. Bulkeley's old house could be got by arrangement with William Man. The large sum of 200*l.* was due to the new Bishop of London for improvements; and the two Chapter Orders show (1) that Laud claimed this house as of right, and (2) that Williams's liberality helped to smooth the difficulty about the money.

So the sad little Prebendary got his house on the sunless side of the Abbey, with power to come in and out by what tradition calls 'the Demons' door'; while the cheerful Dean, his junior, was on the south side, enjoying in the sunshine the preferments in Church and State which are indicated by his signature 'Jo: Lincoln, C.S. et Dec: Westm.' As a matter of fact, it was several years before Laud moved into his house, for he preferred to reside with Bishop Neile at Durham House in the Strand. Only when that house was required for the ambassador-extraordinary of the King of France, who was coming over with the Royal bride Henrietta Maria, on January 3, 1626, the move was hurriedly made. His books were hardly on the shelves when he found himself practically responsible for a task which involved much historical inquiry, the drawing up of the Coronation Service for the new king Charles. Laud's star was now in the ascendant, and Williams, no longer Lord Keeper, was prohibited from coming

to Westminster. Laud acted as Deputy-Dean at the well-ordered coronation, the one thing (so far as I can find) for which we at Westminster have special cause to remember him.

There is a curious sequel to the story of Laud's house. Dr. Richard Steward became a Prebendary in 1638, and in 1640 he was Prolocutor of the famous Convocation which continued its sittings in Henry VII.'s Chapel after the Short Parliament had been dissolved. We learn from Peter Heylyn's *Life of Laud* (pp. 423, 438) that a certain committee 'was desired by the Prolocutor to hold their meetings in his house, situate on the North-side of the Abbey-Church, and therefore most convenient both to himself and to them.' The Long Parliament soon afterwards swept away Dean and Prebendaries, and they assigned Dr. Steward's house to their Serjeant-at-Arms. Dr. Steward was nominally Dean after Williams became Archbishop of York, but he died at Paris during the Interregnum. When the King came to his own again, a mandate was sent to the new Dean, Dr. Earles, to exhume the bodies of the Commonwealth leaders who had been buried at the east end of Henry VII.'s Chapel. The remains of Pym and others were thrown into a pit in the churchyard 'near the back-door of one of the Prebendaries.' It is the grim irony of history: for this had been Laud's back door.

When we turn from Deans and Prebendaries and try to picture the interior of the church during our period we are at a loss for guidance. The pictures of successive coronations are useless, partly because the ordinary arrangement of the church was upset, and yet more because the artists took no trouble to give a correct idea of the building. We must pick up what we can from our Chapter books, accounts, and muniments.

In the time of Dean Neile the altar was well cared for. The great sum of 58*l.* was spent on 'a large backe Front of Cloathe of gold and blue velvett.' Out of the palls offered by King James and his Queen at their coronation was made a splendid altar cloth, and another was provided at the cost of 22*l.* for daily use.

Westminster was conservative in its ritual, and had maintained throughout our period the use of copes and wafer breads, which the Puritanism of other places had abandoned. The wafers were, no doubt, of the larger Protestant form ordered in Queen Elizabeth's time, and never since disallowed. Cosin says,¹ 'Though there was no necessity, yet there was a liberty still reserved of

¹ *Works*, v. 481, cf. 518 f.

using wafer-bread, which has continued in divers churches of the kingdom, and Westminster for one, till the 17th of King Charles.' In 1614 the Parliament decided that the whole House was to receive the Communion, not at Westminster Abbey, 'for feare of copes and wafer cakes,' but at St. Margaret's. When the Parliament next met, seven years later, Williams was the Dean, and a note is preserved to the effect that 'the Speaker of the Commons acquainted the House that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster refuse to permit them to receive the Communion there, because they were not first asked, and because the preacher was not one of themselves; but that if they would appoint a canon preacher, they might receive the Communion with ordinary bread; and that the House rejected the offer, and chose the Temple Church.' In the end, however, 'the House received the Communion at St. Margaret's, and Dr. Usher preached the sermon.' The Abbey was willing to yield on a point of ritual, but not on a point of privilege; and so began the connection of the House of Commons with St. Margaret's Church, where the Dean was ready to allow them a freer hand.

The pews in the choir, which was completely screened off from the transepts, were the subject of much controversy at a later time. We may therefore note with interest an entry in Dean Neile's accounts: 'Item, sett up in the Church about the preaching place for the better sort to sit in in service and sermon time, ten severall large Pewes of stronge wainscott, which with some alterations done about the Prebends Stalls cost' over 36*l*. Simultaneously we read a Chapter Order (1606): 'That the prebends stalls in the Queere shalbe made newe, to have all the prebends sitt together, halfe on the one side and halfe on the other side, every one sittinge accordinge to his dignity and degree, the Sub-Deane still keepinge his ancient place.'

I have already mentioned Mrs. Neile's 'little pew behind the pulpit.' The pulpit was then (and indeed till 1779) on the south side. Near it was a great pew, with King Richard II.'s portrait hanging up on the screen behind it. Twenty years later this pew was a point of fierce dispute. The Prebendaries had come to prefer it to their stalls; but Dean Williams claimed it as his preserve, and would only allow the nobility to sit with him there.

In 1631 there was added to the Chapter a clever little man named Peter Heylyn, who was Laud's chaplain. Besides Laud's quarrel, he had a quarrel of his own with the Dean, who ten years before had been ordered to call in a book of

his, and only a week before had refused him institution to a living, on the ground that it was not in the King's gift but in his own. Peter made a cave in the Chapter, and with three other juniors drew up a charge of thirty-six articles against the Dean, whose enemies had already made desperate attempts to unseat him. They preferred a petition to the not unwilling King. But the Dean of Westminster is notoriously difficult to get at, and a Royal Commission had to be appointed consisting of the two Archbishops, three lay Lords, and two Secretaries of State. The articles are particularly interesting now, as the triviality of their details affords us many glimpses into the domestic life of the place. Lest they should scandalise the public (perhaps rather lest their absurdity should be too obvious) Peter was ordered to translate them into Latin. For a year and nine months nothing happened, and the Prebendaries had to present a new petition with fresh allegations, the chief of which was the matter of the pew. It is plain that they saw that they could not get rid of the Dean, and they concentrated their efforts on the recovery of the pew. The only satisfaction that they finally got was a decision that they might sit in the pew, and 'that none should sit there with them but Lords of the Parliament, and Earls' eldest sons, according to the ancient custom.'

Once more the pew. The Dean has been four years in the Tower: he has just got out through a turn in the political wheel, and he returns in honour to the Abbey. He is sitting in the pew, and Peter Heylyn is in the pulpit above him, preaching moderation and charity with irritating innuendoes. At last the Dean's temper is up, and knocking loudly with his staff upon the pulpit he cries, 'No more of that point, no more of that point, Peter!' 'I have a little more to say, my Lord, and then I have done.'

And yet once again we have a sight of the pew, through the eyes of a Westminster boy, who lived long afterwards as a Prebendary in Laud's house, the famous Robert South. William Strong is in the pulpit now (a Puritan divine whose first Abbey sermon was entitled 'Gospel Order a Church's Beauty'), and 'the leading grandees of the faction in the pew under it.' But by this time many other pews had been set up. The altar was gone from its place: the tapestries surrounding the sanctuary had been carried off to adorn the House of Commons. The sanctuary itself was occupied by a gallery of pews. The carpenter's estimates are preserved, and also a plan of the work, showing the

allotment of the pews. 'Lord Bradshaw,' who then occupied the Deanery, sat on the south side, and opposite sat Dr. Busby, who had made his monitor pray for King Charles, as South bore witness, 'a few hours before his sacred head was cut off.'

'Gospel Order a Church's Beauty' may find a further illustration in the following glowing account of the services in the Abbey under the new regime :—

And about the 26 of this instant *March*, my intelligence put me in minde heere to make mention of God's admirable and most wise ordering and disposing of things to the glory of his Name, joy of his children, and vexation of his base *Brats of Rome*, and malignant Enemies of *Reformation*; in the most rare and strange alteration of the face of things in the *Cathedrall Church at Westminster*. Namely, that whereas there was wont to be heard, nothing almost but *Roaring-Boyes*, tooting and squeaking *Organ-Pipes*, and the *Cathedrall Catches of Morley*, and I know not what trash; now the *Popish Altar* is quite taken away, the *bellowing Organs* are demolisht, and pull'd downe, the *treble*, or rather, *trouble* and base Singers, Chanters, or inchanters, driven out; and instead thereof, there is now set up a most blessed Orthodox Preaching Ministry, even every morning throughout the weeke, and every weeke through the whole yeare a Sermon Preached, by most learned, grave, and godly Ministers, of purpose appointed thereunto, and for the gaudy gilded Crucifixes, and rotten rabble of dumbe Idols, *Popish Saints*, and Pictures, set up, and placed, and painted thereabout, where that sinfull Singing was used; now a most sweet assembly, and thicke throng of Gods pious people, and well-affected, living teachable *Saints* is there constantly, and most comfortably, every morning to be seen at the Sermons. O our God! what a rich and rare alteration! what a strange change is this indeed!¹

We are now at the close of our period, when, by order of the Long Parliament—'the pretended Parliament,' as the Royalists called it—a serious outrage against both Church and State was perpetrated in the Abbey cloisters. The following documents tell the story :—

I. *Journal of the House of Commons.*

June 2, 1643. *Resolved*, That the Dean, Subdean, and Prebends, be enjoined and required to deliver to Sir Hen. Mildmay, and Mr. Marten, the Keys of the Treasury where the Regalia are kept; that they may search that Place, and report to the House what they find there.

The Question being put, whether, upon the Refusal to deliver the Keys, the Door of that Place where the Regalia are kept shall be opened;

The House was divided :

The Yeas went forth.

Sir H. Ludlow	{ Tellers for the Yea :	37
Mr. Strode *	{ With the Yea, }	
Mr. Pierrepont	{ Tellers for the Noe }	58
Mr. Selden	{ With the Noe }	

June 3, 1643. The Question being put, whether the Locks of the Doors, where the Regalia are kept, in Westminster Abbey, shall be opened, notwithstanding

¹ *God's Ark over-topping the World's Waves* (John Vicars, 1646, p. 184).

standing any former Order made, and Search made there; and an Inventory taken, of what Things are there, and presented to the House; and new Locks set upon the Door; and nothing removed till the House take further Order.

The House was divided.

The Yeas went forth.

Sir Peter Wentworth	{ Tellers for the Yea :	
Sir Christ. Yelverton	{ With the Yea, }	42
Mr. Holles	{ Tellers for the Noe }	
Sir Jo. Holland	{ With the Noe }	41

Resolved, &c., That the Locks of the Doors where the Regalia are kept, in Westminster Abbey, shall be opened, notwithstanding any former Order made, and Search made there; and an Inventory taken of what Things are...; and presented to the House; and new Locks set upon the Doors, and nothing removed till the House take further Order: and that Sir Rob. Pye be there present, with that Inventory of the Regalia, that is kept in the Chamberlain's Office of the Exchequer, whether all Things be there, mentioned in that Inventory.

Sir Jo. Holland, Mr. Gurdon, Sir H. Mildmay, Mr. Marten are to take the Inventory, and to execute this Order accordingly.

From these records it appears that the keys were demanded from the Dean and Chapter by the resolution of June 2, but the proposition that in case of refusal the locks should be forced was lost by 58 votes to 37. When the first resolution proved nugatory, it was on the next day agreed by a majority of one to break open the doors.

II. Heylyn's '*Aerius Redivivus*' (ed. 1670, p. 461; ed. 1672, p. 452).

And for a further evidence of their good intentions, a view is to be taken of the old *Regalia*, and none so fit as *Martin* to perform that Service. Who having commanded the Subdean of *Westminster* to bring him to the place in which they were kept, made himself Master of the Spoil. And having forced open a great Iron Chest, took out the Crowns, the Robes, the Swords and Sceptre, belonging anciently to K. EDWARD the Confessor, and used by all our Kings at their Inaugurations. With a scorn greater than his lusts, and the rest of his Vices, he openly declares, *That there would be no further use of those Toys and Trifles.* And in the jollity of that humour invests *George Withers* (an old *Puritan Satyr*ist) in the Royal Habilitments. Who being thus Crown'd and Royally array'd (as right well became him) first marcht about the Room with a stately Garb, and afterwards with a thousand Apish and Ridiculous actions exposed those Sacred Ornaments to contempt and laughter. Had the *Abuse* been *stript* and *whipt*, as it should have been, the foolish Fellow possibly might have passed for a *Prophet*, though he could not be reckoned for a *Poet*.

The earliest history of this Royal Treasury is obscure, and a recent controversy of the antiquaries has cast uncertainty on part of what we thought we knew. For it has been strongly argued that the Treasury which was robbed in the reign of Edward I. was not this chapel in the cloisters, but the vault beneath the chapter-house. I cannot now discuss the matter;

but it remains certain that since the days of Edward III. certain royal treasures were kept in this little chapel. Portions of the Regalia were also there, though others were in the monastic Treasury in St. Faith's Chapel. Since the Restoration the Regalia have been in the Tower, and have only been deposited with the Dean and Chapter on the eve of a coronation. The old chapel was still used as a Treasury of treaties and records; Exchequer tallies were kept there, and also the Pyx, or 'box' containing the standards of coinage. But gradually everything has been removed. The treaties, the tallies, the Pyx itself—all have found homes elsewhere. The chapel is empty; the ancient altar stands, though somewhat damaged, and by its side is a piscina on a thirteenth-century pillar.

Let us look a little closer, and observe the construction of this tiny chapel. It is at present but 30 feet wide and 30 feet long, with a heavy round column in the centre. I say 'at present,' for originally it formed part of a long vaulted chamber beneath the ancient dormitory of the monks. This chamber was 100 feet in length, that is, as long as Henry VII.'s Chapel; and six massive columns down the middle supported the vaulting. It is the oldest remaining part of the Abbey, reaching back to the period of Edward the Confessor's building. It is now divided by partition walls, of stone or of brick, into four small compartments. Two of these are dark storehouses, a third is rented by Westminster School as an approach to their gymnasium, while the fourth is the chapel of which we are speaking. This, the most northerly portion, was walled off, perhaps two hundred years after it was built, by a rough stone wall: the other partitions are of much more recent date.

I sometimes have a vision of a new period of public usefulness for this hidden and almost forgotten site. I seem to see the ancient vaults reunited as of old in one long chamber; the old altar repaired, that we may worship once more in the one sacred portion of the Abbey that goes back to the Confessor's period; while beneath the floor may be laid in this most venerable spot the remains of our greatest countrymen in the century that is before us, and the walls may hold memorials on a modest scale, such as in recent years have been filling the few spaces left in the main part of the church.

I dare not speak of this as a scheme, but only as a dream. Yet I see in it a possible solution of the problem that has baffled us heretofore—how to maintain the splendid tradition of Abbey

burials, which otherwise will soon become merely a glory of the past. Elaborate projects of new building have been devised, only to be set aside as outrageous or impracticable. This is a possibility, worthy at least of a thought, before we resign ourselves to despair. It would involve a *minimum* of disturbance, and would reopen to public view our most ancient chamber: while in time to come an extension of the scheme might include what is called the Chapel of St. Dunstan and the ground now occupied by the gymnasium, if the interests of the School were duly provided for elsewhere.

I have put forward this suggestion quite tentatively and without any intention of pressing it. I only say that it is worth consideration, and that the difficulties connected with it would not be insurmountable, if the idea should commend itself to the public mind and should obtain the sanction of the highest authorities.

Quite apart from any such suggestion for the future, I would venture to express a hope that the time has come when, with the general approbation of Englishmen, this little chapel may be restored to the custody of the authorities of the Abbey, and used as in ancient days for sacred purposes. A special interest would thus attach to it, as being the only portion of St. Edward's building which is still capable of being used for Divine service. And arrangements could be made by which reasonable opportunities for viewing it could be given at other times.

There is no reason for supposing that the King, in making use of this portion of the long vaulted chamber or chapel for the keeping of his treasures, intended to alienate the fabric from the Abbot and Convent to whom his predecessors had granted it. Had he chosen to keep his treasures elsewhere the chapel would have returned naturally to its former use.

After the second expulsion of the monks the whole property of the Abbey vested in Queen Elizabeth; and she of her Royal bounty granted the whole of it to the Dean and Chapter of her new foundation. This is shown by the words of her grant, which not only gives the whole site, but in express words 'all the chapels' (*omnes capellas*).

It would seem to be reasonable that if the State no longer requires this chapel for the purposes of a Treasury, it should revert to its ancient use.

THE FOOL.

NIGHT-LONG the rushes whisper as I turn
 With restless rustling to the flickering dark
 That shudders, as the great logs, smouldering, burn
 On the cold hearth-stone to a dwindling spark.
 Though I escape, at last, day's mockery
 Of bitter-jangling bells about my ears,
 No meed of easeful slumber comes to me ;
 The rushes whisper ever of my fears ;
 And now, when from my lips the nimble jest
 No longer tumbles, broken meats to earn,
 My heart—by day crushed silent in my breast—
 Cries out within me ; and I turn and turn,
 Finding nor sleep nor comfort anywhere.
 If I but close my eyes, I see her stand
 Before me in the night—her thick, brown hair
 Thrust back from her bright forehead by the hand
 That shades the burning hazel of her eyes ;
 Or, else, I see her, seated by her lord
 On the high dais as the dim light dies ;
 Or mid her chattering maidens at the board,
 Beneath the flaming torches ; or, at morn,
 Through the sun-dappled gloom of alleys green
 Whose arches echo to the rousing horn,
 I see her ride like some great ballad-queen.

I see her as I saw her all day long,
 With clear, untroubled eyes and lifted head,
 Dreaming of love, or singing some old song
 Of lovers who are happy, being dead,
 With pitiful, sweet mouth ; for love to her
 Is a fresh-welling stream of happiness,
 Which no cold winds to troubled eddies stir,
 Nor pebbles ruffle to shrill-tongued distress.

But Love's a rock-bound spate that foams and frets ;
 A tossing beacon in tempestuous night ;

A mighty salmon 'tangled in the nets ;
A mallard arrow-stricken in full flight ;
A hounded stag at bay within his lair ;
A heron 'neath the taloned falcon's swoop ;
A crag-born kestrel taken in a snare ;
An eagle caged within a gilded coop ;
A battle-snuffing stallion on the curb :
A quivering target by a quarrel cleft ;
A rankling wound that knows no healing herb ;
A sea-swept galley of her rudder reft ;
A tethered bullock chafing in the byre ;
A ravenous wolf sore-wounded in a pit ;
A cloud of thunder with a heart of fire ;
A sapling by the summer lightning split ;
A sword within a silken scabbard pent ;
A ruddy fruit whose core is bitterness ;
A giant captive in a victor's tent ;
A breaking heart beneath a motley dress.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

*THE FRENCH EMPIRE IN NORTH AFRICA AND
THE ANGLO-FRENCH CONVENTION OF 1904.*

BY SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

ONE result of the recent Convention concluded between Great Britain and France will—or should—be the confirmation of the French empire over Northern and North-Western Africa. In 1830 the first decided step was taken in the return march of Latin civilisation, since in 647 and 673 A.D. that civilisation fell before the first attacks of Islam, when Abdallah-ibn-Abu Sarh and Oqba-bin-Nafa invaded Roman Africa [coming *viâ* Egypt and Tripoli] and, joining hands with the insurgent Berbers of North Africa, rapidly extinguished the rule of Byzantium and the Latin Church of North Africa. The first conquests of Islam in Northern Africa were not perhaps as complete and far-reaching as is generally imagined by those who only know history as a series of 'decisive battles.' The main cause that led to the overthrow of Roman rule in Mauritania by the Vandal invasion in the fifth century, that brought about the revival of Roman rule under the Constantinople Emperor, and, again, the rapid overthrow of that Byzantine government after the Arab invasions of 647 and 673, was the perpetual dissatisfaction of the Berber people of North Africa with the government of the European. I think it may be stated without much inaccuracy that between 146 B.C. and 429 A.D., during the whole period of Roman rule in North Africa—at any rate in the modern Algeria and Tunis—no period longer than seventy years elapsed without a more or less serious Berber revolt. Seeing that the original Berber inhabitants of Northern Africa belonged to much the same human stock as the peoples of Southern Italy, Greece, Spain, and even Southern France, and that before the invasion of Islam there was no bitter difference in religious views, it is curious that the North African should have fought so resolutely against the Empire which had its metropolis across the Mediterranean. The struggle was almost Iberian against Aryan, Iberian languages and culture against the forms of speech and the civilisation developed by the Aryan.

There seem to have been prehistoric Greek invasions of Tunisia; and more than eleven hundred years before Christ the enterprising Phœnicians of Syria had founded trading settlements on the north Tunisian coast which ultimately grew into the power of Carthage—a foreign power that introduced the first Semitic language into Northern Africa, and brought to that part of the continent an Asiatic civilisation and religion. Beyond the limits of modern Tunis, the Carthaginian power was chiefly represented by a chain of fortified trading stations along the North African coast stretching past the Straits of Gibraltar down the Atlantic coast of Morocco, and even extending outposts across the Tropic to the modern Spanish Protectorate of Rio de Oro. The Berbers, however, constantly fought against the Carthaginians, and fought as the allies of Rome. After Carthage was conquered, Rome for a hundred years tolerated a Berber kingdom in Numidia (Algeria); then that power was broken down, and this province was annexed to the Roman Empire in 46 B.C., to be followed eighty-eight years afterwards by Morocco (42 A.D.).

Anyone who has visited the Regency of Tunis must be aware that that country, together with the extreme eastern part of Algeria and the coast regions of Tripoli, was at one time as 'Roman' a land as Italy; in fact, it is doubtful whether Italy can supply as many ruins of magnificent Roman buildings as may be still seen in this part of Northern Africa. Such a town as Tebessa, for example, which is situated near the Tunisian frontier in eastern Algeria and is a railway terminus, is little else than a Roman town, almost unaltered in its architecture, with the Roman houses roofed and repaired, and just sufficiently modernised to permit of habitation by Europeans. Many of the Moorish towns in the south of Tunis are of the same character. It would seem as though there had been a considerable immigration of Romans, Italians, and Greeks into Tunisia, Tripoli, and eastern Algeria during the seven centuries that these countries formed part of the Roman Empire. The Vandals brought a small contingent of Northern Europeans and a host of Spanish camp-followers. It was no doubt largely this European garrison, between 100 B.C. and 650 A.D., that built and peopled the splendid Roman cities of Roman Africa, while the Berbers fell partly into a condition of serfage, becoming the agricultural peasants, or else resumed a nomad life and remained in more or less permanent hostility to Roman civilisation. The dislike felt by the North

African indigenes to Rome was intensified by the introduction of Christianity. Many of the Berbers favoured a Monotheistic religion, and had been greatly attracted by the Jewish propaganda carried on when large numbers of Jews settled in North Africa at the beginning of the Christian Era, following the siege of Jerusalem, if not before. Just as the Irish became obstinately attached to the Roman form of Christianity from the time that England passed over to Protestantism, and cultivated this passionate attachment quite as much from a hatred of everything that was English as from any desire for theological consistency, so the North African Berbers grew to detest the Christianity of St. Augustine. Under the Vandal rule they became eager Unitarians, and assisted the Vandals to attack and martyrise those who professed Roman and Trinitarian Christianity. They were therefore as ready for the reception of Islam as gunpowder is for the fulminating spark. In scarcely more than seventy years¹ Roman (Byzantine) and Christian rule was effaced in North Africa from the frontiers of Egypt to Tangier, while the rapidly Muhammadanised Berbers joined in thousands the standards of the invading Arabs, and thus enabled the latter to overrun and conquer Spain. Not less astonishing than the sudden capture of Mauritania by the Muhammadan religion was the equally rapid vogue of the Arabic language. It must be remembered that prior to 640 A.D. no Arabic was spoken in Africa unless it might be a few wandering strangers from Sinai along the eastern frontier of the Red Sea coast of Egypt. In Egypt itself a form of ancient Egyptian (very near to the modern Coptic) was the language of the people, while Greek and Latin were the vehicles of literature, government, and polite intercourse. Along the coast regions of the modern Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, there were remains of ancient Greek colonies, where Greek and Latin were talked. But in the main the almost universal speech of North Africa prior to the irruption of Islam, twelve hundred and sixty-four years ago, was the Libyan or Berber language in its various dialects. This was the dominant tongue from the western frontier of Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean. Yet, when Spain was invaded by the Muhammadan hosts in 711, it was not the Berber language

¹ The Muhammadan invasions of Egypt and Tripoli commenced in 640 A.D. Byzantine rule was not finally expunged from North Africa till about 710 A.D. In the interval there had been attempts made by the Berbers to remain independent of Arab domination. Roman Carthage was not destroyed until 1271.

that forthwith became the ruling speech of Spain, and left a never-to-be-effaced impression on the Latin dialect (which has since recovered its hold over that people): it was the Arabic of western Arabia. At the present day Arabic (though it is split up into at least five distinct dialects) is the dominant speech of all Northern Africa, including Egypt, though traces of Berber languages still survive in the western oases of Egypt, in the interior of Tripoli, in the extreme south of Tunis (besides one or two patches on the east coast of that Regency), in the mountain regions of Algeria and of Morocco, and of course in the Sahara Desert, where, by the 'Moors' and Tawareq, Berber forms of speech have been carried southwards to the banks of the Senegal, to the Upper Niger, and to the vicinity of Lake Chad.¹

Yet, after the first rush of Muhammadan invaders which took place during the seventh and eighth centuries, there came a lull. Egypt, it is true, was thoroughly mastered by the Arabs, and Tripoli in a few years had expunged its Greek and Roman civilisations and fallen back into the barbarous hold of the Berbers. But in the Regency of Tunis the Christian religion still survived, Bishops still succeeded one another in the Latin Church, and Roman civilisation lived longer, and perhaps never wholly died out, having continued in a somewhat debased form down to the present day. Algeria and Morocco passed several centuries of frightful internecine war, caused by the uprising of Mahdi after Mahdi and by several invasions from the extreme south of warlike Berber tribes or leaders, who crushed effete dynasties in Algeria or Morocco and then swept across to Spain. But a definite set against European influence began to arise in North Africa in the twelfth century, when various convulsions in Arabia and Egypt had driven hundreds of thousands of Arabs across the Sahara Desert into Tripoli, Algeria, and Morocco. These no doubt reinforced the descendants of the first Arab invaders and more firmly imposed the Arab speech on the country. Then in the succeeding centuries Spain cast out the Moors and sent them back envious and vengeful to the northern coast of Africa, causing them to commence that career as pirates which played

¹ This Libyan family of languages should be of extreme interest to the student of philology, because it would seem to have been *the* speech of the Iberian branch of the white race, and to have left its traces in Europe in the form of modern Basque and in the groundwork of the Celtic languages, Irish and Welsh especially, wherein the grammar and construction are seemingly akin to those of the Berber languages.

such a part in the history of the Mediterranean, and even in the development and improvement of shipbuilding, from the fourteenth to the early part of the nineteenth century.

The Muse of History, pondering over the fortunes of this world, must have been asking herself during these centuries *when* the devastating hand of Islam would be stayed, and when would the Roman Empire recover its position in North Africa, and resume its work of civilisation. The watching Muse would have seen the stately Roman architecture succeeded by the picturesque but tawdry Saracenic—(that strange offspring sprung from the union of Byzantine architecture with the Arabian symbols of Phallic worship). She would have seen buildings of stone succeeded by fanciful erections of stucco, lath and plaster, brick and whitewash, into which marble columns robbed from Roman temples were incongruously welded. She would have seen the Roman baths maintained (so far as methods of cleansing the body were concerned), but buildings and water supply of the baths going unchecked to gradual ruin. In many ways she would have noticed the gradual dying of civilisation and culture, Roman highways becoming overgrown with weeds, while no better road took their place than the track worn by the passage of pedestrians and horses' hoofs; irrigation works falling into abandonment, wells taking the place of the magnificent water supply of the mighty aqueducts; dams bursting and never being restored; the sand of the desert creeping further and further north, and engulfing orchard after orchard; the lion and the leopard once more increasing in numbers and ravaging flocks and herds; the rainfall diminishing owing to the reckless destruction of forests, these being destroyed by unchecked bush fires, by constant cutting for firewood, and by the goats of the nomad tribes devouring the saplings. Every seven years or so the locusts from the Sahara would extend their ravages further and further north. North African man had accepted Muhammadan fatalism; he had entered upon a life of polygamy and lethargy which made it almost a duty not to come into conflict with Nature, and was slowly reducing this magnificent country to the condition of an uninhabitable wilderness. Once, it is true, in the sixteenth century, the man arrived who seemed about to change the fate of North Africa and re-unite it again to Christianity and the Roman Empire: this was the Emperor Charles V. But, though the man had arrived, Fate had not yet struck the hour. Charles V. interfered in vain to prevent the Turkish conquest of Tripoli, Tunis,

and Algeria, while Portugal subsequently lost the results of her conquest of Morocco in the fatal battle of Kasr-al-Kabir (1578). Rome again baffled in these abortive attempts, the malign hand of the Turk stretched over all this region except Morocco, and galvanised the Muhammadan power into resistance against European civilisation for another three centuries.

But in 1830 France took up the rôle of Rome in her invasion of Algeria. This political movement was not perhaps commenced with the deliberate intention of reclaiming North Africa for European civilisation: it arose from two causes mainly. Louis XIV., before there was any conception of a British Empire in India, saw the great advantage that was accruing to French commerce by his (laughed at) alliance with Turkey, and certainly caressed the idea of establishing French influence in Egypt and in Abyssinia. Various disasters checked his policy, but its germs only lay dormant in the archives of the French Government, and revived under the genius of Napoleon, who, besides the vague desire in early youth to become an Eastern potentate, conceived the splendid policy of attacking the British Empire in India through Egypt, Syria, and Persia. The French occupation of Egypt was the result; and although this occupation was brought to a close chiefly by the efforts of the English and as the result of hard-fought battles on sea and land, the French had acquired a taste for Oriental adventure. The work of the French savants in Egypt and the consequent accumulation of knowledge concerning modern Arabic alone became a ferment in French political circles, and impelled that Government (when the Monarchy was restored and France sought compensation for the many possessions she had lost or the schemes she had had to abandon) to turn its eyes on that portion of Saracen Africa immediately opposite to France. Though she was again sending out her adventurers to Egypt to model the newly founded Government of Muhammad Ali, she was sufficiently well aware that the opposition of England would make it impossible for France again to occupy Egypt. Tripoli offered nothing attractive; Tunis was becoming a virtual Protectorate of England through its trade connection with Malta; Morocco was too strong, and also was partially protected by England. On the other hand, Algeria was outside the sphere of British interests, and had even recently been severely chastised by Great Britain for its audacious piracies. At this juncture the Dey of Algiers chose in his fatuity and

insolence to publicly insult the French Consul. This action gave France the needed pretext. She began to prepare for a descent on Algiers, and spent between two and three years paving the way by allaying British suspicion as far as possible, and making out that any French expedition despatched against the Dey of Algiers would do little more than Lord Exmouth's naval expedition had accomplished in 1818. When this first French expedition was despatched to Algiers it was also sent with the idea of diverting public attention from internal political unrest and of finding glory for the restored Monarchy.

The results are remembered by most people with sufficient clearness. It was relatively easy to capture Algiers and dethrone the insolent Turkish vassal¹ who ruled the coast-line and occupied with a more or less Turkish soldiery a few posts in the interior. But when the French had established the conquest of Algiers, they became a little frightened at their own temerity, and were very much in dread as to intervention on the part of Britain. In all probability, however (though the fact has not yet been revealed from our archives), Great Britain intimated that she would not oppose the French in Algeria if the adjoining countries of Tunis and Morocco were respected. The whole of modern Algeria was not under the exclusive sway of the Dey of Algiers; the eastern part of the country was governed by the Bey of Constantine, who occupied a very similar position to that of the Bey of Tunis. To a certain extent also Oran, or the western part of modern Algeria, was independent of Algiers. The French very soon occupied the modern departments of Algiers and Oran, but attempted a *modus vivendi* with Constantine, which lasted to the close of that

¹ It might be as well to recall to my readers the course that Muhammadan history had followed in North Africa from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Prior to 1517 the whole of North Africa, including Egypt, was governed by various dynasties more or less Arab or Berber. Egypt was the first of the North African kingdoms to come under direct Turkish control in 1517. Then Turkish pirates took up the tale and conquered Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria. Their conquests were sanctioned by the Sultan at Constantinople, who made of these pirates Turkish Pashas. Their successors, after various revolutions and changes, gradually settled down into dynasties, hereditary or elective, paying tribute to Turkey. Morocco alone remained an independent Berber empire of semi-independent kingdoms, professedly governed by Arab (really Berber) dynasties, descended more or less mythically from the Prophet's family. In 1842, after the French occupation of Algeria, the Turks undertook the direct government of Tripoli, and made the Beylik of Tunis a more distinct Turkish dependency. Of all these States, Tripoli (including Barka) is the only one which now remains directly attached to the Turkish Empire, Egypt having gradually grown into a quasi-independent Muhammadan State under British protection.

Beylicate in 1847. But they were soon to find that the real power of resistance in the country did not lie with the corrupt Turkish invader of the coast-lands, but amongst the wild Berbers and Arabs of the interior. Abd-al-Kadr arose as a popular leader, and at one time almost secured his recognition as an independent Sovereign at the hands of the French, besides attracting to his Court certain British adventurers, who attempted (not always very creditably) to make profit out of his necessities. He aroused the fanaticism of Morocco, and that country actually went to war with France, meeting, however, with swift defeat at the hands of the French—defeat which would have been turned into a conquest but for the intervention of Great Britain.

Tunis maintained friendly relations with the French, but intensified its position as a Turkish dependency, and leant more and more on the actual protection of Great Britain. At the beginning of the 'seventies Tunis was in a fair way towards becoming an actual British dependency. Englishmen were being placed at the heads of several public departments, contracts for railways and telegraphs were placed in English hands, as were also the lighthouses and the water supply. The first railway in Tunis was built by the English, and retained its more or less English character (with several of its English employés) down to 1899. This important British interest in Tunis was largely due to the wonderful commercial development of Malta since it had formed part of the British Empire. The Maltese population, with its rapid increase, soon boiled over, and began on a very large scale to colonise the coasts of Tunis and Tripoli, absorbing much of the commerce of those regions. The British Agent and Consul General in the Regency of Tunis was at one time as powerful as the similar official in Morocco. Yet France always kept her eye on this, possibly the most valuable, productive, and genial portion of the African continent, the most European-like portion of Africa so far as population, climate, productions, and history are concerned.

But a new rival was coming into the North African arena. As soon as the kingdom of Italy was founded at the beginning of the 'sixties, Italy began to take an increased interest in the affairs of Tunis. Of course, even after the downfall of the Roman Empire, Italy had not been able wholly to sever her connection with North Africa. There was kept up a perpetual trade (even during warfare) between Sicily, Genoa, and Venice, and the ports of the Tunisian State. As soon as there was a King of Italy, Italian

representation at the Court of the Bey was placed on an important footing. In 1871 there was a marked set of Italian emigration to the coast towns of Tunis. But in 1878 (probably unknown to Italy) the late Lord Salisbury had secured the consent of France to British aggrandisement at the Congress of Berlin by hinting that Great Britain would no longer oppose any practical resistance to exclusive French influence over Tunis. With this guarantee in their possession, from 1879 (as the present writer was able to observe on the spot) France began to take measures for the absorption of Tunis, with the result that in 1881 that country was occupied by French troops, and a French protectorate was shortly afterwards declared. This step was a bitter disappointment to Italy, as may be well understood by those who knew Tunis prior to the French Protectorate. In those days, though Great Britain or France had the power to establish their rule over Tunis, a wonderful Italianisation of the country was then going on. French was not then the *lingua franca* of the country, as it is becoming now; Italian was the second language to Arabic, and all European civilisation was entirely Italian. As Maltese civilisation has also been Italian, it is not difficult to understand that in this respect the Maltese unconsciously joined hands with the Italian immigrants in giving the completely Italian flavour to their settlements, literature, and religion. Nevertheless, long before this France had revived the memories of St. Louis (Louis IX.) who had died at Carthage, and the spot on which he died had been given to the French by the Tunisian Government during the Second Empire for the purposes of the foundation of a chapel and a monastery.

How is French work in North Africa to be judged in the light of existing circumstances? There is little doubt that the verdict of history will be this: that the first fifty years of the French occupation of Algeria were characterised by a great many blunders, several unnecessary wars, and a frightful expenditure of money. From 1880 onwards a wiser policy began to obtain, less and less power being entrusted to the military, who had generally succeeded during the past fifty years in treating Algeria as a perpetual battle-ground, a vast Aldershot for the training of French troops. Of course even during these fifty years the French had made magnificent roads, and had built railways and constructed public works of almost Roman quality. But down to about 1880 they had made themselves very much disliked by the Arabs and Berbers. From 1880, however, can be traced a gradual fusion of French and Algerian feeling. I very much doubt now whether

there is any chance of a universal rising against the French taking place in Algeria. There will still be trouble, no doubt, with the desert tribes, and even an occasional clan of mountain Berbers; but for the most part the Algerians are returning to the European fold on the arm of France. Their Muhammadanism is weakening. They are taking increasingly to the drinking of wine and even the eating of pork.¹ The Moorish breeches are being displaced by the tight blue cotton trousers of Southern Europe. In fact, many Algerians now dress just like the peasants of southern France, with the difference that they wear a tarbush or fez, or wind a white cloth sparsely round their heads. The turban, however, is dying out amongst the Frenchified Algerians. In some districts a distinct fusion of races is taking place, and this also has begun in the Regency of Tunis.

The fact is that when you take the clothes off a Berber man or woman there is not very much to distinguish them in physique, appearance, and colour from the inhabitants of southern France: both alike are largely of Iberian stock. Dress a Berber woman of Tunis or Algeria in French clothes, and you would consider her a handsome Frenchwoman, coming perhaps from Provence. Years ago it had become very much the mode for rich Moors in Tunis or in France to marry a French (or even an English) wife. If it were not still indiscreet to do so, I could relate several extraordinary romances of pale little Jane-Eyre governesses who have come out from England to teach in the harims of the Moors and who have ended by espousing Tunisians or Algerians, living thereafter in great comfort and with no marked degree of unhappiness. Muhammadan fanaticism is distinctly lessening in both Tunis and Algeria, while Christian propaganda is becoming more urbane and less insistent. The mass of the people in the towns of northern Tunis and Algeria are drifting towards an easy-going agnosticism which is entirely robbed of hostility towards the Christian faith, and which leaves out of Muhammadanism all that is fanatical, irksome, or foolish in precept or custom.

The work of the French in Tunis has been wholly admirable. Contrary to their custom in Algeria, they have thought it wise to maintain a show of native sovereignty in the person of the Bey of Tunis; in fact, consciously or unconsciously, they have taken

¹ At all times Muhammadanism has been weak in North Africa as regards the eating of the pig, because that country swarms with wild boars, and the meat of the wild boar was particularly liked by the Berbers. It has constantly been eaten by them and by the Arabs of North Africa on the score that it was really a different animal from the pig condemned by Muhammad.

the same line in Tunis as we have followed in Egypt, with the same beneficial results. Hateful as it must always be to a proud Muhammadan people to see the Christian foreigner dominating the country, I begin to think that French rule in Tunis is actually becoming popular (which is a very strong thing to say, and which cannot be said about British rule in every one of our Muhammadan dependencies). I once asked a Berber of the south of Tunis (who had fought hard against the French in 1881, but had since been allowed to return and settle down at his old home) what he thought was the greatest benefit that the French had conferred on the country. He replied promptly 'Water,' and pointed to the magnificent fountains that were spurting from artesian wells, and the irrigation channels glistening in all directions over a plain which was now a glorious garden of vegetation but which a few years ago had been hopeless, sandy desert. He and others went on to assure me that so deeply did the common people feel the boon the French had conferred on them (in cheap and abundant water) that they had begun to love them. In Tunis, moreover, the old Turkish government of Beys was detested by the Arabs and Berbers, and, foreigner for foreigner, they prefer the Frenchman to the Turk.

No doubt France will now take up the same admirable work in Morocco. In fact, if she would take counsel from so humble a person as myself, I should only say: 'Repeat in Morocco what you have done in Tunis. Leave, at any rate, a semblance of local sovereignty; patiently educate the Berbers of Morocco to govern themselves as an integral portion of the French Empire and as a people of the white Caucasian race, by no means far removed in physical characteristics or even in language from the fundamental human stock of much of Spain, Portugal, southern France, and southern Italy.'

Some noses will be put out of joint by this extension over Morocco of French influence. Germany is said to be clamouring for a port on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, and to express great disappointment at the results of the Anglo-French Convention. In other writings I have ventured to deal with what I considered the legitimate aspirations of Germany in the Nearer East, and no one can say that I have been unjust towards the future of the German Empire: I have been found fault with, indeed, for too great generosity in that direction. But I do hold it to be truly unreasonable and untenable that Germany should seek a foothold on the coast of Morocco or anywhere else in North Africa.

If England has put forward no claim to re-occupy Tangier, and if Spain is content to see the greater part of Morocco slide towards incorporation with the French Empire, then indeed Teutonic demands for a share in this participation are unreasonable. It may be that Germany only asks for a port or a coaling-station, but once admit German rights to a single acre of Morocco soil and you would open up the way to continual bickerings and a fatal division of European counsels in the regeneration of Morocco. I sincerely hope that the French will be firm, and that Great Britain will lend no help to Germany on this point. Spain and Italy are in a different position, and have much claim to be heard in the partition of North Africa. It is probable, nevertheless, that Spain's only share of this Berber kingdom may be limited to the existing Spanish possessions on the Morocco coast and her protectorate over Semmur and Tiris (Rio de Oro) to the south of Morocco, with at most a small addition of territory round about Tetuan. Any more considerable division of Morocco between France and Spain would lead to very serious frontier questions, and once again create a fatal division of European authority in Morocco. But Spain will unquestionably benefit by the French pacification and development of Morocco, as Italy has benefited (and no one can say the contrary) by the French establishment of law and order over the Regency of Tunis. At least 60,000 Italians have settled—and have prospered—in Tunisia since the assumption of the French protectorate. We already know of the large Spanish colony in the department of Oran in western Algeria, and it is very probable that a steady Spanish occupation of northern Morocco will be one of the results of a French protectorate over that country. But they will be there under the same conditions as those affecting the Italians in Tunis—that is to say, under the French flag.

In the gradual shrinking of the Turkish Empire it is practically certain that the Pashalik of Tripoli and possibly the district of Barka will be allotted to Italy, to treat on the same terms as France has dealt with Tunis. But in this allotment of Tripoli to Italy it would not be unreasonable that she should surrender to France, in return for support in that direction, the Saharan towns of Ghadames and Ghat, at present inconvenient projections of Turkish power into the hinterland of Tunis and Algeria, and obstacles in the way of overland communication between Algeria and Tunis on the one hand, and the French possessions on Lake

Chad on the other. Personally, in the final settlement of North African affairs, I should like to have seen the neutrality of the Straits of Gibraltar assured by the handing over of Tangier and the neighbouring coast to the safe-keeping of Portugal. This would after all have only been a fair acknowledgment of the work which Portugal did towards the regeneration of Morocco in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To divide the control of the Straits of Gibraltar between Portugal, Spain, France, and England would have been an arrangement practically insuring their internationalisation, and better than any mere guarantee (such guarantees being generally valueless) that this and that Power would erect no fortifications. But England has apparently been unable to advocate or maintain the claims of her Lusitanian ally in this direction. However, Portugal, like Spain, should benefit by the French pacification of Morocco and the consequent openings for the trade of contiguous countries.

What I want to bring home to my readers is, that the results of the Anglo-French Convention which tend to consolidate the French empire over Northern Africa should pave the way for a complete understanding between the daughters of the Roman Empire, should bring about what I for one so ardently desire—the reconstitution of the Roman Empire in a certain sense, a pact of amity, mutual help and co-operation and commercial facilities between France, Italy, Greece, Spain, and Portugal on the one hand, which will unite those Powers in the restoration of North Africa to the white man's civilisation; and an even larger league which may include the rest of Rome's daughters—Britain, Belgium, and Austria. With some such pact as this, conveying with it complete independence of home government, but a more or less united foreign policy, it would matter less and less to each component Power whether this or that part of Northern Africa was controlled by England, France, Italy, Spain, or Portugal, while the Berber races of Northern Africa would be only returning to their original place in the world by re-entering the European fold. We must not forget the fact that the Berbers belong to that Iberian section of the white race which has been such an important layer in the composition of the modern races of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Brittany, Gascony and Provence, Spain and Portugal, Italy, Albania and Greece.

VOLTERRA: CITY OF DREADFUL DAY.¹

A TALL shepherd, motionless upon the verge of a bare hill, frightened my vetturino badly. One saw the creature stand up there like a weather-tossed old tree, in severe isolation against the sky, with something long, and thin, and straight under his arm. It proved to be an umbrella, which might well have been a gun; certainly, if landscape has anything to do with the procreation of brigands, a gun it should have been. For after leaving Castle San Gimignano and the deep woods which come next—woods which clothe the sides of gorges, woods of dense boscaje and wet spaces, of grey shale, black ilex, cyclamens, and ever-falling water; after climbing to Spicchiaiola, and resting there in the shade in communion with the curate's niece—*familiaramente trattando* with this amiable woman over a flask of the curate's wine; after such-and-such comfortable assurances of all being well, the country side changed for the worse, grew bald and sinister, as if a blighting wind had swept over it; and instead of smiling, grinned. The sun was not hidden, yet ceased to shine; the sun stared. Hearts might well sink and nerves go taut. The landscape was hostile, inspiring terrors; the pathetic fallacy—prodigious egotism, only possible to poets and the Hebrews of old—was never so plausible. Trombino, from sitting squarely on his box, looking comfortably at his horses' wagging ears and flicking them when he could with his whip, was now all eyes and ears of his own. *Brutto paese!* but he meant more than that. He was off his balance; no longer a disposer, but a huddled thing to be disposed of. Every dreary heave of that pale wilderness spoke to him of menace, of adverse gods, of earth estranged and ourselves forsaken, cowering in the midst. He was all agog for alarms; Pan had resumed his mastery, had this once jaunty fellow at his mercy, and could have palsied the heart of him and cloven his tongue to palate by any sudden shock. Say, there had been a *cacciatore* in those wastes who, pursuing finch or thrush to the utterance, should have let off his piece, Trombino would have tumbled to his prayers. But no sound broke the heavy suspense;

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the sick land lay stupid, clammy with fear. Trombino drooped, the whip drooped, the horses crawled like lice.

The awful form of the man on the hill, rigidly waiting, changed all this ; or, rather, embodied it. The landscape had found its voice ; here was something more wearing to stretched nerves than a sudden ambush.

'*Con rispetto parlando*,' said Trombino from his perch, 'there on that hill-crest awaits us a brigand. Momently we are all dead men.'

There is only one attitude to assume with a Tuscan servant upon occasions of difficulty or stress, that of cheerful permanence, of inexorable, of benevolent, order. *Avanti* is the word for the road—otherwise, why is one there ? Therefore——.

'*Sempre avanti*, Trombino,' said I ; and counted, not without confidence, upon his fine manners.

'*Come lei crede*,' said Trombino, and urged his beasts towards the brigand. '*Avanti, hep !*'—he cracked his whip till the spell-bound welkin rang. Good soul, with exactly the same words and act he would have obeyed me though the Chimæra had stood fire-belching in his road. Nay, had the earth yawned and discovered him a pit of blackness, *Avanti* from me had made a Quintus Curtius of him. It made no difference at all that the brigand resolved into a musing shepherd.

You pass a tower on the left, shortly after leaving a wayside calvary and gipsy camp. A tower, do I say ? Such as it is, it stands on a hill of its own, dominating the desolation, the picture of maimed nudity ; for whereas it was square once and looked out with a bold face to all the airts, now but a single wall stands up to speak of a thousand years' attacks. In 925, as I read the books, King Hugh gave to Bishop Adelard the Monte Della Torre, with this tower then upon it, to be a warning to the San Gimignanesi, who countered, I suppose, with their castle some eight miles to the east—that Castel San Gimignano where they sell clean wine, a Vernace with a fame as old as the fortress. And all these things are in a concatenation accordingly. San Gimignano, abode of gentler misfortune, makes a wine-shop of its outpost ; Volterra, snarling wolf that can never be tamed to turn a spit, stands at its sentry-go and crumbles brick by brick as the weather will have it, and snarls at every wound. But I digress, if Volterra will not. Hereafter a little, from a higher ground, you will see that the lowlands which stretch away to the south have not been blighted

with the accursed fate of that city. Soft purple valleys are enfolded down there ; a floating haze over all gives you the thought that there stirs an enchanted sea, whose islands are the little hills, each crowned with a glimmering burgh. I saw Pomarance—Heavens, the Arabian name !—and nearer in, Casole d'Elsa, Monte Guidi, San Dalmasio. Next to Semifonte, which nobody can ever see, because it lies buried in the bosom of a grey down, I regret Pomarance, which perforce I left, red and misty in the south, while I climbed ever higher to harsh Volterra. Round the naked knee of a hill I had my first view of it. Trombino pointed it out : '*Ecco Volterra !*' If he added not his *Deo gratias*, I mistake him. It lay in the afternoon, in the sun's eye, as they say, upon what seems to be the highest of these mountains of mud, and presented an extraordinarily squalid appearance. I quarrel with other of Macaulay's images : he loved rhetoric too well, I doubt. Cortona could never have lifted a diadem of towers to heaven, in any pre-eminent way. It lies now, where it must have lain from old-time, like a cemetery strewn upon a hillside. And so here, his 'lordly Volaterræ' shows at first view a squat heap of brown building and one or two stunted towers, posts for cattle to scratch at. This is not a city which could ever have looked lordly, for it climbs the apex of its hill and falls down, more than half, on the other side ; so that from whatever point you make your approach there is none of the culmination which a hill-town should have. The great fortress by the gate impresses itself upon you as you draw near ; monstrous bulk, monstrous strength, such dignity as consists with mass, it has. The huge walls are of a piece ; work of giants, titanic, but not lordly. Etruscan heads directed all this immensity ; what goaded slave-hordes wrought it, I know not. It looks as inert and spiritless as convict labour ; gloomier Etruscan stronghold Herr Baedeker can never have seen. Fiesole is savage, Chiusi mournful, Perugia a termagant ; Volterra has the dulness of the brute.

You do but get a premonition of it as you climb the weary leagues into the town, and have no time to enlarge it, since you are to be shocked again. When the sinister country has you fast, when your spirits have flagged their lowest, suddenly, a huge blood-coloured cliff confronts you, clothed in scrub to the peak, the Mons Tumba of this muddy waste. Backed by a storm-cloud, abode for vampires and snakes, spell-struck into silence, it terrifies you. It is as if all your flying fears, winging to a point, should

take shape : a bare grey land, a storm brewing in the north, and a blood-red cliff dead in your way. Thus fared knights-errant in the old tales when they took their lives in their hands. 'And Pereduc journeyed three days and three nights over the desert. And he came to a great mountain in the midst, which was as red as blood, and hight Pavidus.' '*Brutto paese!*' quoth Trombino, a snug youth for choice.

John Villani, most friendly of historians, always on the look-out for the letter of introduction to antiquity, says that Volterra was first called Antonia, and that, 'according to the romances,' here we have the origin of the good Beuves of Antonia. By this long bow-shot he arrogates to the Volterrani our English hero, the late-born, the chaste, the pudibond Bevis of Hampton, whom Drusiane (much to his confusion) kissed under the table. I believe he got his story from the 'Dittamondo,' where Fazio says,

We saw Volterra near by this
On a great hill, as strong and old
As any town of Tuscany's,
Antonia hight, whence, I am told,
Came Bevis who, for Drusiane's sake,
Oversea suffered heat and cold.

I cannot agree with this poet, holding, as I must (in first-rate company), that the hero was of Southampton. The 'Real di Francia,' a hostile witness, says that all England rejoiced at his birth. It is true that the faithful tutor of the child, according to the same authority, was called Sinibaldc dalla Rocca San Simone, which is not a Hampshire name; and it may well be that this *rocca* was the lurid bluff on the road to Volterra before which I am keeping you horrific while I muse. Now, I have never learned the name of this bluff; but if Sinibaldo (whom we call Saber) was lord of it, there was a great education for young Bevis, and the wicked Duodo of Maganza might have had old besieging it. But these, perhaps, are not practical speculations.

Once past this fatal place you have the grim bulk of the *fortezza* towering over your way. As my own *cortège* crawled up, I remember that a little company of madmen strayed about us, going slowly homewards to Volterra—fit pinfold!—herded by one man in a Government cap. He seemed glad of my company, so I conversed with him a little. His madmen were very old, but had, he told me, all been homicides in their day. Solitary confinement had done its work; they would lay hands suddenly on no other

men. So the law allows them to roam at will, to pick wild-flowers and twist garlands for their white pows : a peaceful ending to their labours. They looked upon us, our equipage and advance, with mild unwondering eyes. Once we had been grist for their ~~ong~~ knives, but now were less than the flowers in the hedgerow. After life's fitful fever. . . .

A straggling suburb succeeded, a row of drab houses, a cheerless *trattoria* with unglazed windows, pigs, chickens, children, stern-faced women in men's hats—here are disjunct notes. A diligence came tearing down the hill, full of scared pale people escaping from Volterra ; but we crept ever upwards and trailed painfully by the walls, the watch-tower, the great boulder of the fortress, and entered the doomed city by the Florence Gate. Trombino flogged the horses into a feeble canter, and brought us up to the door of the old inn with some sort of a rattle.

Cut a thin reed from scream-beset Scamander
For hazard of this music !

No one came out to receive us. It might have been a dead-house : and so it was. Wind-tortured abode of madmen and grey murderers ! Heart of earthquakes, fallen, still falling Volterra ! It wanted but this. But I must endeavour to be calm.

To our notions—whose inns are as good as our hotels are bad—there is no comfort but much hospitality in a Tuscan inn. At Volterra, the fact is that I had neither ; but there were reasons. Mr. Carmichael, in a recent and agreeable work, shows that he found something to his taste. His landlord, however, was not dying of typhoid as mine was. To me, all Volterra was exactly accursed, from the landlord to the land. A raw sea-mist was blown upon a searching wind through all the corridors of the house. Mad old women whispered and chuckled to themselves in corners, pawing and patting, as it seemed to me, waxen figures of the stricken host. Now and then there came a scurrying of fear-fanned feet, now and then the clanking of pails, the sudden banging of doors. A daughter of the house was in tears, her sister in hysterics ; the doctor spat upon the floor, signifying his diagnostic pother. Death alone sat hale in the guest-chambers and had bespoken the chief seat at the feast. Clearly, all these things were far from Mr. Carmichael, who was able to ruminate with unencumbered mind upon the Etruscans, the alabaster industry, and the land-slip—as most pleasantly he does in his little Tuscan book. To

me the gloom, the shadow, the cruel sea-wind with its tainted burden of fog, blighted the eyes, and perhaps struck a palsy upon the judgment. But I am by no means so sure that this, which had been foretold by the road, is not sealed to Volterra by history. Books are not alone in the world to have their weaving fates. Far more truly than they, towns speak the nature of men and their sort in this life. I can read the chronicles or not, as I choose, but cannot fail to read in dark and silent streets, in the bare piazzas, and naked grey walls of ragged church and ragged palace confirmation of the godless rule of wicked old Prince-Bishops. Hark to their names ! Hildebrand, Ranier, Payn, and suchlike, implying all that was to follow : the treachery of the led against their leaders, eager to forestall that of the leaders against themselves ; the black nightwork of Rinaldo degli Albizzi and Palla Strozzi, and that havoc which Lorenzo wrought there when he killed man, woman, and boy, and the child at the breast—for which also, according to Savonarola's friends, he died without housel.

Of such is the history of Volterra. Its bishops were princes of the empire, stark men and Ghibellines, belying the fisherman.¹ To their tyranny succeeded that of a traitor-race, the Belforti, begun in treachery and ending by it. The Duke of Athens lorded it here for a year ; but that was all the length of rope allowed him. He had time to build the Rocca Vecchia, and might, with a little more grace, have been its first tenant. The gods saw otherwise : he was not to die in prison. Florence, which in that Fortunate Year of hers (1254) had reduced Pistoja, beaten Siena in the open, and by that stroke secured Montalcino, Montennana, and Poggibonsi, had gone on from that last place across the frightful country to Volterra and had had it by luck—Florence then got her first taste of a city she was afterwards to sack three times before she could retain it for ever. Villani's tale of this capture is a good one. He says that the Florentines left Poggibonsi to come hither because Volterra was Ghibelline and the Guelphic League just then in ascendancy. There was no thought of taking, even of attacking one of the strongest positions in Italy ; if they could lay waste the country round about they would go home well pleased. But God, says Villani, gave them victory suddenly, for the Volterrani, seeing the host close to their

¹ When a bishop was also a prince, the world was too much with him ; he was never for the Church, it seems. Arezzo had similar masters, Ghibellines to a man.

gates, with great pride and arrogance came flooding out—all their chivalry without order of war, or captains, or *battalia*—and fell upon the Florentines from the vantage of the hill. The Florentine knights, encouraging each other, singularly bold for such a timorous race, stormed up and drove the offenders back upon their posts. All went streaming in, besiegers and besieged, fighting and hurtling together. The keepers of the gate, seeing (as they thought) their own people in confusion, had no care but to give them entry-room. In they came, and the Florentines with them. They secured the gates and the fortress as well. Thinking to have harried the *contado*, they found themselves masters of the city. The Prince-Bishop and clergy, cross in hand, came from the church to plead; handsome ladies came, their hair loose, crying for mercy and peace. It is to the credit of the Florentines, if it is true, that they did neither mischief nor spoil. They reformed the Signiory according to their Guelphish lights, banished the heads and chastened the members of the Ghibelline faction, and then went on their victorious way. This was their first hold upon Volterra. Lasting hold came in the fifteenth century, a grip thrice cemented in the citizens' blood.

Within this harsh stronghold beleaguered by the wind do dwell a stern, rock-faced people, who take no notice whatsoever of the traveller, either to beg or to demand of him, either to rob him or to sell to him. This is so singular a thing that it deserves mention, if not repetition. It is the one place in Tuscany where I have never been asked for a *soldo*, nor ever been informed that anything I might happen to look at was to be had for money. In San Gimignano a woman would have sold me the side of her house because I asked leave to look at a fresco; at Siena, one day, a wretch was to offer me a far dearer merchandise. Nothing of the kind here. Men and women go silently their ways, and which is which is hard to tell, for they dress their heads alike—first a felt hat, then a handkerchief over it, tied under the chin—and alike they have the square jaws and low foreheads of Romans. They are a stunted race, as the pines would be which could thrive upon the stony ground and live out the salt gale which blows day and night. With their bullet-heads and stiff-angled drapery, I can see them on some Arch of Constantine or another, in severe relief, serried closely in battle-array, or about the altar of some household god. The piazza on market morning showed me just such an effect, when the buyers and sellers stood there in the fine

rain, gleaming like old marbles, as expressionless and little wetted as they. What women ! To woo a bride from Volterra would be to adventure among the Scythians. You would have to fight with your chosen maid—it would be an affair of muscles, tussles, and hard knocks. Having grassed her, you would throw her over your shoulder, like a dead stag, or a Lapith haled home by a Centaur, and so bear her to your house. *Et Venus in silvis*, indeed ! One cannot, of course, be precise upon the point, yet there is every reason to suppose that, like the Amazons, these fierce virgins are maimed.

They wear Roman colours, deep and lurid ; grass-green kirtles or sea-blue, orange shawls, orange and black kerchiefs. They carry little crescent sickles in their hands, tools whose use against anything but the person of the lover, or their own, it is hard to see. To buy and sell sickles, and for no other apparent purpose, they hold a market in early morning in the Piazza of the Priors, a gaunt open space surrounded by great strongholds, the east end of the cathedral being one, half smothered in a palace wall. Whiles, as the Scots has it, they go off to church, and hear masses, or pay uncouth worship to huge blind gods, roughed out of wood, and painted in their own colours, green, orange, crimson, and black. I believe *a fleshed sickle* is the most acceptable oblation a youth or maiden can pay. Such are the Volterrani, and such their gloomy delights.

A strange feature of the place is its general likeness to Florence. It is much what Florence might have become had some malign deity set it to shrivel and lose blood upon the top of a mud-mountain. From the ramp of a little piazza, which you will find not far from the Porta del Arco—between that and the Porta San Felice—you may look down upon a cascade of grey roofs descending to the plain, beyond which a broken headland juts into the sea. Just thereabouts, where the Cecina brook hopes to end its trouble, all is new and wild and beautiful. But if you look then behind you, upwards, you see the landmarks of a withered Florence—Dome, Baptistery, Campanile ; the Palazzo Vecchio, with its Tower of the Cow ; beyond, again, the Bargello, with the skeleton belfry. The illusion is for the moment complete, until you realise that the charm is not there. Then you see that the buildings want dignity, warmth, character ; that they are a discord ; that they do not represent Volterra so much as travesty Florence.

Nevertheless the Cathedral has an impressiveness of its own. It is on a grand scale, and has a ceiling of surpassing splendour. This is of wood, deeply coffered, enriched with figures in blue, green, and gold. The central square is held by the Spirito Santo encompassed in a cloud of seraphs. In octagons on all sides of him are saints, their heads tending towards him, their bodies from the middle downwards embedded in the wood. Here is a wonderful parallelogram of forces—bishops in golden copes and mitres, yellow-haired virgins in splendid brocades, deacons in dalmatics of white and gold—the saints in levee dress all yearning and spearing to their point of bliss: a fine conception, finely achieved. The august fowl seems to be hovering, more hawk than dove, and those others, witnesses and messengers of his, to get their swiftness from him. They have strong and handsome faces, broad shoulders, deep chests, immense proportions; they must be twice the size of men, and any one of them would serve for figurehead to a line-of-battle ship. Imps of a race of giants, colossal divinities! To look on men and women at their prayers under the shadow of those burnished wings is to drift back to a day when it was universal belief that God made earth for His disport, gave it a flick to set it spinning, and then forgot all about it. The heavenly throng, busy with a vaster pageantry, was in full sight of men; yet man, except for some chance errantry from on high, had no existence there. But and if a straying son of God saw a daughter of man, that she was fair, then some beauty or another of ours, walking shyly the green ways of earth, would on a sudden be caught up in a gusty draught of enormous love, whelmed and lost in flame—and shine thereafter a lesser light in that high galaxy. Thus, mankind, according to this theology, would fitfully preserve a clue to godkind.

But in a chapel of the south transept you can see the graven images of Volterra even better than in the nave. Up there, on the ceiling, you may have their theology; here, at kissing range, is their religion. It is figured by stiff and huge wooden gods dumbly enacting a scene from some blunt old tragedy. Though Herr Baedeker calls it a 'Deposition from the Cross,' it had far better stand for the Passion of Prometheus. This group, one of the most extraordinary to be seen in Italy, is composed of figures nearly eight feet high, coloured in coarse crimson, blue, and green. One thinks not of the calm Olympians, but of their forerunners, 'Kronos, and Gê, and murdered Ouranos,' of monstrous revenges,

vast pangs, before such a scene. The mystical dolours, reveries, and tender regrets of Christianity appear local. I suppose the piece cannot be earlier than the twelfth century in sober truth; but of this I am sure, that the fashioners of it, and those who fulfil their worship in its contemplation, are not of the new circumcision. No son of man hangs here, no handmaid of the Lord bewails him, nor a Joseph of Arimathy offers the hospitality of his new tomb. No! vast, blind forces writhe and suffer; these are cosmical throes; the sun goes down in blood into the sea, and earth stands by, passive and mute, as fixed as her own fate. So here it is that the fierce daughters of Volterra, sickles in their hands, come and offer dreadful self-sacrifice. And here a rock-browed son of the place, leading some virgin captive, espouses her with bloody rites.¹

¹ Let not the traveller fail to notice, whithersoever he go in European countries, the wooden statues in churches. Art is not always a full-dress business; you are apt to get nearer to the root of the matter in the *borgo* than in the *piazza grande*. Roughly speaking, I do believe that the homelier the stuff and the nearer to hand, the more expressive of emotion the art becomes. Thus, it is undoubtedly true that the Tanagra *figurini* tell you more of Greece than the great smooth marbles which stare through you out of their sightless eyes. In Italy, clay proved a happier material than bronze, and wood came very near to clay. In the museum at Pisa are some beautiful wooden figures of girls—slim, Gothic, low-bosomed creatures in white and blue gowns, with whom the traveller may come to terms at once. I know not what they represented first; but I felt in their company as a child with her household of dolls about her. I was at home with them; they are made of a stuff that once lived, fibrous stuff not different from myself, with marrow in it and sap, and much dependence upon the sun, the earth, and the wind. Whereas between stone, cut from the chill shoulder of the mountain, and me there is an unbridgeable gulf. And if I feel so in beholding, what must not the worker have felt as he wrought? To go on, at San Gimignano, by the west door of the Collegiata, there is a wooden group—Gabriel in red (red, I think) on one side, Virgin in blue on the other—of more value to private devotion, that of the bedside and the dark, than all the Parthenon, Sistine Chapel, six-feet *putti* in Saint Peter's, Golden Altar of Saint Mark's put together. Della Quercia did not disdain wood. The fairest of his Junoesque Madonnas is cut from the heart of a tree, and stands in a golden robe above the altar of San Martino at Siena. From wood Donatello hewed his haggard Magdalene; and one knows what the Spaniards made of it and how close they could draw us to the Agony of Christ. Above them all, to my thinking, is the Volterranean group, quite alone in Tuscan Art. Nor is anything so terrible, so colossal, and so dim known to me in sculpture. Lastly, it is worth while to reflect whether, in the flat art, anything can approach in poignancy the mosaic of Ravenna and Torcello—and to remember that of the stuff of that art they also make beer-bottles.

SIR JOHN MOORE.¹

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE name of John Moore has parted with none of its lustre since the day when it was written high upon Britain's roll of honour; soldiers and civilians alike pay the tribute of peculiar affection to the memory of one who sealed his devotion with his life-blood, and left to his comrades the tradition and example of a stainless career. Yet there have not been wanting critics, early and late, who attribute the place won by Moore in the military annals of his country rather to his personal qualities than to his professional accomplishment. It has been whispered that his reputation, unsurpassed for valour and manful chivalry, for skill in tactics and management of troops, must have stood far lower as a strategist but for the radiance which is shed around the captain who falls in the moment of victory:

For ere he died our general heard us cheering,
And saw us march with victory's flag unfurled;
And then he died, without his ever fearing
For British soldiers conquering o'er the world.

It has fallen to the lot of Sir Frederick Maurice to lay before the present generation fresh material for judgment upon Moore's life-work as a whole. It could not have passed through more competent hands, though surprise will be felt at the editor's impatience with any opinion except the most favourable to Moore upon every single point in a long career. He has presented us with what is practically Sir John Moore's autobiography, 'the journal which he kept up from day to day, throughout all his great campaigns, from the time when the great war with France began, to within three weeks of his death.' Of this priceless document the original has long since disappeared. It was by the happiest possible chance that Sir Frederick was able to exhume a copy which had lain for many years, its very existence unsuspected, among the papers of Sir William Napier. Hitherto, Sir John Moore's life-work has been viewed chiefly through Napier's spectacles. Napier, always eloquent, often indiscreet, and sometimes gravely misleading, has swayed the judgment of generations by sheer

¹ *The Diary of Sir John Moore.* Edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice, K.C.B. (London: Edward Arnold, 1904.)

vehemence of assertion. For Napier was a vehement Whig, incapable of admitting that anything could be honestly conceived and worthily executed by a Tory Cabinet. As soon would he have expected to gather figs of thistles. His noble history of the Peninsular war is marred by incessant reproach, often unjust, heaped upon King George's Ministers. Unbounded in his affection and admiration for Moore, he interpreted his idol's quarrel with Canning and Castlereagh as arising out of their distrust of a Whig general; and he launched this tradition with so great momentum, and winged it with such fiery eloquence, that later writers have accepted and handed it forward with scarcely a question as to its truth. Sir Frederick Maurice is the first, I believe, to prick this venerable bubble. It will surprise most people, I fancy, to learn that Moore never was a Whig. So far from that, he entered Parliament in 1784, long before the great Whig secession, as a supporter of Pitt. He was then three-and-twenty; and although he professed, as Arthur Wellesley did when he entered Parliament at a later time, that he was a soldier and no party man, yet he soon made the discovery, which so many young members have made before and since his day, that an independent member means a member who cannot be depended upon. Moore sat as a Ministerialist, and there is no evidence that he ever wavered in his allegiance.

Two circumstances have given substance to the myth of his Whiggism: first, the confidence in his professional excellence shown by Fox, who sent him to the Mediterranean in 1806 to act as counsellor and second-in-command to General Fox; and second, the bitterness with which Moore afterwards resented his treatment by Castlereagh in respect to the Peninsular command. It is easily proved that party politics had no bearing upon either of these events. Fox, desiring to give his brother the most efficient colleague possible, appointed Moore, with whom he was not personally acquainted, as *la meilleure tête militaire* in the service. In the following year, when the Tories came in, they ratified that judgment by giving Moore the chief command in the Mediterranean.

Moore's quarrel with his Tory employers cannot be explained in a sentence. 'He had been,' to quote Sir Frederick's words, 'the soldier on whom Pitt and his Government relied for counsel from the time when the war began again after the peace of Amiens.' Pitt and Mr. Secretary Dundas (afterwards Lord

Melville) had chosen him for the most important command—the South-Eastern District—when the French invasion was threatened from day to day. Nobody who knew anything disputed the grounds of their faith in Moore as England's most capable soldier. How then did it come to pass that Canning and, through Canning, Castlereagh came to put upon Moore what he resented as an intolerable slight? The answer is given clear under Moore's own hand in his diary, though it is not likely that all men will agree with Sir Frederick Maurice as to the rights of it. Sir Frederick, it seems to me, has been betrayed into an error not unusual among the best soldiers, that of underrating the responsibility of Ministers in time of war. It seems to be assumed that having gone to war, the sole duty and anxiety of Ministers should consist in supporting their generals and armies in the field; and that, in criticising their action, terms may be employed which it would be unchivalrous to apply to a general's conduct in the field. Thus Sir Frederick describes Canning's action in interfering with the appointment of Sir John Moore to the chief command in Portugal as 'an abuse of power to gratify personal spleen.'

Now is it conceivable that, during the years when Canning's whole energy and intellect were strained to secure for England the support of such European Powers as had not been engulfed in the Napoleonic maelstrom, he had any time, even if he had the inclination, to gratify 'personal spleen'? 'No Foreign Secretary has equalled Canning,' wrote Lord Acton,¹ not a friendly analyst of Tory statesmanship; and Canning judged that the commander to be chosen for the work in the Peninsula must have administrative and diplomatic gifts as well as military talent. That is why he was so earnest for the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had given proof of high administrative capacity and diplomatic adroitness during his Indian service. Sir Frederick Maurice cannot admit this as the cause. Speaking of Wellesley's appointment in 1808, he says:

It was not because of any prophetic insight into his after career that the Ministry were anxious to appoint him to the command of the army which they were sending to Portugal. . . . There can be no doubt whatever that the two strongest motives which at that time determined the choice of the Government were: first, that Sir Arthur Wellesley was one of themselves, a colleague whom they thoroughly knew and could trust to act in hearty co-operation with them; and secondly, a very strong wish not to employ Moore in high command if they could find someone whose reputation could in any way be compared to his.

¹ *Letters*, p. 45.

Certainly, had the Peninsular expedition presented only a military side, Moore's record would have ensured his selection for the command-in-chief. But there were the Portuguese and Spanish Juntas to be taken into account, provisional governing bodies of men inexperienced in high politics—narrow, sensitive, suspicious. The question with Canning was, did Moore possess the diplomatic instinct enabling him to deal successfully with these? Undoubtedly Moore entertained, and was too outspoken to conceal, a certain contempt for civil administration. To the privacy of his diary and notes he committed such sentences as the following, penned after the conclusion of the Egyptian campaign of 1801 :

The military expeditions of France have, during this war, been planned by military men, frequently by the very generals who were to execute them, who knew and took care to provide whatever was necessary. The military operations of Great Britain have been directed by Ministers ignorant of military affairs, and too arrogant and self-sufficient to consult military men. (Vol. ii. pp. 57, 58.)

Moore saw so clearly what he considered to be, and what probably was, the right course in certain situations, that he was at no pains to conceal impatience with his superiors when they took the wrong one. As Napier said of him, 'he maintained the right with vehemence bordering upon fierceness,' and upon more than one occasion this brought him into collision with constituted authorities. Such was the case in Corsica in 1795, when Moore commanded the 51st regiment under Brigadier-General d'Aubant, and Sir Gilbert Elliot was British Viceroy in the island. It was a question of an attack upon Bastia, which was still held by the French. Moore was ordered to examine the position of the enemy, and made his report to d'Aubant. The result is thus described in the diary :

We returned to town to the General. He seems much averse to the attack on Bastia. He has not the boldness to say so. It is difficult to speak more nonsense than he does with more gravity and decorum of manner. . . . From the General I went to Sir Gilbert Elliot. I told him . . . with regard to d'Aubant that though I was convinced the business of Bastia was to be done, I was as much so that d'Aubant was unequal to it, and would bungle it.

Now, d'Aubant may have been one of those epauletted incompetencies which were sadly numerous in the British army in those days ; but if the impropriety of the senior officer under his command complaining of him to the civil governor is not sufficiently manifest, it becomes so when, Bastia having fallen, and the whole island having come under the administration of Sir

Gilbert Elliot, Moore makes no secret of his disapproval of the Viceroy's policy. There were two parties in the island, the Nationalists, represented by the Corsican patriot Paoli, and the constitutionalist Pozzo di Borgo, whom Elliot made his chief Minister. Moore, by this time Adjutant-General of the army in Corsica, was strongly of opinion that Elliot had taken up with the wrong, as it certainly was the unpopular, party, and, *more suo*, was not careful to conceal his opinion, as is pretty clear from an entry in his diary on August 3, 1795.

The Corsican battalion is suspected of disaffection. . . . Major Murati, of the Corsicans, has just left me; he came to ask me what was the matter. They are afraid, he said, of our battalion, and 'all the English are under arms against us. Our people are asleep in their barracks!' I told him it was impossible to account for such folly; that the Viceroy, &c., were behaving like children; that I hoped that the Corsican officers would behave like men, keep quiet, and take no notice of what they saw.

Sir Frederick Maurice admits that this was 'certainly a case of *lèse-majesté*, hastily, and in my judgment, probably in Moore's also on calm reflection, wrongly uttered, all the more so because it was the exact truth'; nevertheless he blames Elliot unsparingly for having demanded the recall of Moore, who received orders from England to quit the island within forty-eight hours. Moore's own account of his parting interview with Elliot makes it difficult to see how his continued presence in the island was consistent with the Viceroy's authority.

He said that I had for a considerable time past appeared to have a degree of personal enmity to him, for what reason he knew not (here he paid me some compliments); that I had taken a decided part against his measures, and the influence this had upon the Corsicans was great; that he had felt the effect of it severely, and found it did such injury that he had conceived it incumbent upon him to represent it to the Secretary of State, and to beg that I might be removed from the island. That he had orders to do so, but would take it upon himself to postpone the execution of them, if I would promise no longer to be connected with those who opposed him, or express any sentiments disapproving of his measures; but, on the contrary, give his government my support. I said I could give no promise to approve of measures till I was made acquainted with them, and it must then depend upon my opinion at the time; that as long as I executed my military duty, I conceived I was at liberty to give my opinion of different measures, either of his or any other government, as often as these measures happened to be the subject of conversation; that I always had, in common with other officers, given my opinion upon what was going on, sometimes approving, sometimes disapproving; that neither he nor any other man had any right to exact from me a contrary conduct. . . . The conversation lasted upwards of half-an hour, during which my feelings were so strong, and my indignation such as at times to bring tears to my eyes, and for moments to stop my speech.

Now Sir Gilbert Elliot's policy may have resulted, as Sir Frederick Maurice declares, in the loss of Corsica to England; but, so long as he was Viceroy, he was responsible for the government of the island, and cannot be accused justly of an abuse of power in obtaining the removal of so free-spoken a critic.

Moore's claim to independent criticism of the civil officers with whom it was his duty to act received further illustration during his Mediterranean service in 1807. Mr. Drummond was then Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court at Palermo, and on January 7, Moore, after his first interview with him, notes that he 'is a sensible, well-informed man, . . . perfectly acquainted with the character of the Court and of the individuals who compose it' (ii. 141); but within three months he alters his opinion; Drummond's letters are 'exceedingly pert, more in the style of a criticism in the "Edinburgh Review" than of a public despatch' (ii. 159); in April he is described as 'one of the weakest and silliest of men' (ii. 165); in May 'a man less fitted for a diplomatic situation than Drummond cannot well be found' (ii. 169); and in July, Moore, who had succeeded to the command of the army in Sicily, came to open rupture with him. Drummond reported to Canning his version of the quarrel; Moore, returning to England in January 1808, 'told Lord Castlereagh what a contemptible fellow Mr. Drummond was, and quoted many instances of his falsehood and meanness; that I hoped I was not to be judged by his representations' (ii. 201).

Next came the expedition to Sweden in May 1808, when Moore was sent out with 10,000 men to act under command of the King of Sweden. It was of supreme importance to extricate that northern Power from the vortex into which Russia had been drawn by the treaty of Tilsit, and Canning may well have felt some misgiving in committing so delicate a task to such an uncompromising negotiator as Moore. The King of Sweden was mad—how mad did not appear till he demanded of Moore the performance of certain operations which he rightly felt it necessary to decline, not being the sort of man to put a British army in jeopardy in order to keep a royal lunatic in good humour. Thereupon the King ordered him under arrest. Colonel Murray,¹ fully alive to the delicacy of the situation, counselled Moore to take it quietly, trusting to time for a remedy; but Moore was

¹ Afterwards General Sir George Murray, so well known as Wellington's Quartermaster-General throughout the Peninsular War.

furious at this extraordinary indignity at the hands of the monarch whom he had been sent out to assist.

Murray (writes Moore in his diary) wishes that all should be hushed up, and, each party retracting, that things should return to the situation in which they were on the day when I took my leave of his Swedish Majesty. This would perhaps be agreeable to Ministers in England, who may not wish to quarrel with Sweden; but in my opinion, matters have been carried too far. My arrest is now public, and should be atoned for; and as to quarrelling with Sweden, it is more her interest than that of England to keep on amicable terms. The King should be made to acknowledge his error, and I think it is pretty plain that the insolence which insulted will have the meanness, if properly addressed, to submit.

Moore took the law into his own hands, broke his arrest, escaped from Stockholm to Gothenburg, rejoined the fleet, and sailed back to England with his army.

Now, considering of what vital importance it was to Great Britain, and to the cause she had espoused, that the Swedish alliance should be maintained, Canning had been more than human if he had felt no impatience with this soldier's undiplomatic bluntness, nor can he be blamed for using his influence to prevent Moore getting the chief command in Portugal, where judicious handling of sensitive individuals was only second in importance to military prowess. But Sir Frederick Maurice can make no allowance for the Minister, who, be it remembered, had a mad monarch of his own to manipulate at home. He can only account for his interference with Castlereagh's discretion as the 'gratification of personal spleen.'

Nevertheless, all students of history must be grateful to Sir Frederick for the service he has rendered to Moore's memory in clearing up a blunder which has proved a pitfall to many successive writers upon this period, having received currency from the hand of A. G. Stapleton, Canning's secretary. Moore had no sooner arrived in England from Sweden than he received orders to sail at once with his army for Portugal, whither Wellesley had already been sent to operate against General Junot. Stapleton has the following passage in reference to this appointment:

Neither was Mr. Canning satisfied with the temper of mind in which Sir John Moore had set out to take command of the expedition; for Lord Castlereagh had disclosed to the Cabinet the parting words addressed to him by Sir John. After the latter had had his final interview, had taken his leave, and actually closed the door, he reopened it and said to Lord Castlereagh: 'Remember, my lord, I protest against the expedition and foretell its failure.' Having thus disburdened his mind he instantly withdrew, left the office, and proceeded to Portsmouth to take command of the expedition. When Lord Castlereagh mentioned this circumstance to the Cabinet, Mr. Canning could not help exclaiming: 'Good God!

and do you really mean to say that you allowed a man entertaining such feelings with regard to the expedition to go and assume command of it?' It was in consequence of what passed in the Cabinet respecting this interview that an official letter, which is described as equivalent to one demanding his resignation, was sent after him; but Sir John did not take the hint, sent a dignified reply, and sailed with the expedition.¹

One may easily excuse the merciless severity with which Sir Frederick Maurice chastises those who, like myself, have quoted this passage without detecting the blunder involved therein. 'This perpetual copying of the most obvious blunders of previous historians is surely a poor way of writing history.'² The fact is that Sir John Moore did not land from Sweden till July 15, by which time Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, both his seniors in rank, had been appointed to the army in the Peninsula. Stapleton's mistake, pardonable enough in a civilian secretary, was to describe Moore as going out in command of the expedition. He was directed to place himself and his army under command of Dalrymple, and this, as he explains with great detail in the diary, he considered to be an unmerited slight. He quotes his own words in the final interview with Castlereagh.

My lord, the chaise is at my door, and upon leaving your lordship's I shall set out for Portsmouth to join the troops with whom I perceive it is intended I should proceed as Lieutenant-General. It may perhaps be my lot never to see you again. I therefore think it right to express to you my feeling of the unhand-some treatment I have received from you. . . . Had I been an ensign, it would hardly have been possible to treat me with less ceremony. . . . I have a right, in common with all officers who have served zealously and well, to expect to be treated with attention, and, when employment is offered to me, that some regard should be had to my former services.

Moore does not quote himself as having offered any opinion about the prospects or character of the expedition, such as that reported by Stapleton; his complaint seems to have been made purely upon personal grounds, though it is easy to suppose that he felt distrust of the capacity of both Dalrymple and Burrard for the work in hand. In the letter sent after him by Castlereagh, the Secretary of State assures him, with respect to the complaint of 'unhandsome and unworthy treatment,' that nothing but the urgency of the situation prevented him from advising his Majesty

¹ *George Canning and his Times*, p. 159.

² Admitted; but I must be allowed to demur to Sir Frederick's right to make the insinuation that I 'copied at second-hand from Sir Bartle Frere, who could not be supposed to know the despatches with the accuracy we might have expected from Sir Herbert.' So far from having profited by Sir Bartle Frere's labours, I have never seen his book, nor was I aware of its existence until I read the passage above quoted (i. p. xiv).

'to relieve you from a situation in which you appeared to consider yourself to have been placed without a due attention to your feeling as an officer.' The 'dignified reply' referred to by Stapleton is described in Moore's diary as 'a very calm answer, in which I give them a wiper which they will feel, but cannot resent' (ii. 251).

After all, these squabbles upon professional grievances are but trifles compared with the grandeur of Sir John Moore's career. His editor must be held responsible for giving them undue prominence by attributing unworthy motives to Canning and his colleagues in their treatment of Moore. Most readers will pass lightly over these tedious details and, like some confirmed students of romance, begin the narrative by turning to the closing chapters. The temptation is very great to treat Sir Frederick Maurice's volumes in that way. Moore's own account of his earlier services is of the highest importance to military men and historians. From no other source can be derived such a truthful and intelligent description of Abercromby's invasion of Egypt, whereby were first revived the sorely withered laurels of our land forces. It marked the abandonment (not quite final, however) of an army system which had brought the British soldier into European contempt; it established that concert between naval and military forces which alone, in coming years, should make possible Wellington's glorious work in the Peninsula. 'Though times have changed,' observes Sir Frederick, 'and the details would be now much varied, . . . he must be blind, indeed, be he statesman, writer, or simple taxpayer, who cannot read the lesson of these experiences as applicable to our time.'

Happily there is less chance than ever at the present time of our statesmen losing sight of the cardinal, the vital, importance of co-operation between the land and sea forces of the Crown. The lapse of well-nigh a century has not effaced the shame nor weakened the warning of the Walcheren calamity, the latest occasion when that co-operation was suffered to lapse.

Howbeit, the difficulties of landing at Alexandria in the face of the enemy, and the masterly manner in which they were overcome, have passed from the memory of general readers, but every Englishman is conscious of a vested interest in Coruña.

Dost thou remember all those marches weary
 From gathering foes to reach Coruña's shore?
 Who can forget that midnight sad and dreary,
 When to his grave we lowered the noble Moore?

Civilians in general, perhaps a good many soldiers, might find themselves at a loss to explain why the expulsion of a British army from Spain, after a long and painful retreat in the depth of winter, should have been assigned such high rank as a feat of arms. They will find the reason well set forth in the vigorous paragraphs which Sir Frederick has set as links in Moore's notes upon his last campaign. They may fail to be convinced by the claim put forward for that campaign as being 'the boldest, the most successful, the most brilliant stroke of war of all time' (i. p. xiv., ii. p. 290), but at all events they will rise from perusing these chapters with a more luminous understanding of the plan and results of the operation. It will be plain to them, as it has always been to serious students of military history, that Moore succeeded in dislocating Napoleon's whole plan of campaign, compelling him, in order to protect his communications with France, to draw off his whole force from the south of Spain, from Saragossa, and from the threatened invasion of Portugal. Few persons will demur to Sir Frederick Maurice's conclusion that when Napoleon, on January 1, 1809, turned back at Astorga from the pursuit of the British army, that moment marked the turn in the tide of his fortunes. Nevertheless, it remains a fair matter of speculation what might have happened if Napoleon had persevered. Probably it will never be possible to pronounce with certainty upon the validity of the reason he gave for going off suddenly to Paris. Sir Frederick does not hesitate to accept Lanfrey's judgment that it was 'not the Austrian Emperor, but Moore, who compelled' him to take that precipitate journey. Whatever may be the truth, there is surely room for some difference of opinion, not only upon the immediate cause of Napoleon's departure, but upon the conscious part played by Sir John Moore in bringing it about, and upon his military reputation as revealed in the mental process by which he arrived at his final determination. Sir Frederick refuses to admit that any such difference of opinion is permissible. Any criticism of Moore, except what is wholly favourable, he condemns in language almost hysterical in its fierceness.

Surely to rob a country of its examples of heroic achievement, the true portraits of its really great, is the deadliest crime that can be committed against it. To substitute for them the flimsy imaginings, not even of party, but of personal spite, is the lowest degradation to which history can sink. For my part, though I cannot pretend that I could laugh at such an attempt made by anyone, more than I could laugh at murder, I can honestly say that in the bitterness of my disappointment I could, though I am not given to weeping, weep that such an act should be attempted by one for whom I have so much respect as Mr. Oman (ii. 301).

Of course, it is open to any soldier to deem a civilian incompetent to criticise military operations; but, as a mere question of art, it is a mistake to put it so rudely as to declare that Mr. Oman has attempted 'to prove by a series of suggestions how admirably he would have managed the army had he but been in Moore's place' (ii. 318). That is to adopt the style of literary polemics in the seventeenth century.

Of Moore and Wellington Sir Frederick Maurice declares that 'all comparison between the two careers is utterly ridiculous.' This is to lay down a proposition as incompatible with human mental process as was a recent ruling of the Speaker of the House of Commons. A certain member having moved the adjournment of the House, the Speaker said that he was in doubt as to such a motion being in order, and that if he allowed it, it must not be taken as a precedent. No such *caveat* could shut out the precedent; it was established for all time by the act of allowing the motion to be made. In like manner, no injunction, no mental discipline, can prevent men comparing the work of Moore and Wellington. Members of the same profession, each of them was set to perform the same task under similar conditions. One of them failed and fell; the other succeeded and lived to extreme old age. The comparison between them forces itself upon any student of the Peninsular War; and, in fact, the last six chapters of Sir Frederick Maurice's volumes teem with it. He quotes Mr. Sloane's verdict that 'it was the spirit and example of Moore which made possible the victories of Wellington' (ii. 300). It is at least equally arguable that Moore's expedition was made possible by Wellington's victories earlier in the year, whereby the French were expelled from Portugal, and Moore was enabled to make Lisbon his base.

Sir Frederick not only makes the inevitable comparison, but his prepossession in favour of Moore betrays him into something short of generosity to Wellington. Passing over the contempt suggested by writing of Wellington 'hanging and flogging the army into order for three years' (ii. 362), (as if there had been no hanging and flogging in Moore's army, especially in Craufurd's brigade), there is an unpleasant innuendo in connection with Sir Arthur Wellesley's return to England after the Convention of Cintra. On September 1 Wellesley wrote to Mr. Stuart: 'I do not know what Sir H. Dalrymple proposes to do, or is instructed to do: but if I were in his situation, I would have 20,000 men at

Madrid in less than a month.' Sir Frederick refers to this as an *obiter dictum*, 'a very loose statement,' made without knowledge of the instructions Moore had received from the Cabinet; but Wellington never indulged in *obiter dicta*, especially in his correspondence, which was always singularly explicit and unambiguous. The passage quoted no doubt was as seriously and intelligently meant as anything in his despatches. From this Mr. Oman argues that Moore, when he succeeded Dalrymple in command of the army, might have been in Madrid by October 7 had he manifested sufficient vigour and decision. Sir Frederick gives several good reasons why it was impossible for Moore to advance earlier than he did, among others, that his instructions did not sanction any such movement; but can any man doubt that Wellesley, in Moore's place, would have got these instructions modified had he seen sufficient cause?

The writers who, like Mr. Oman, quote Sir Arthur's saying of September 1 and ignore these facts, do not realise how very much they compromise the fair fame of Sir Arthur. For an officer to go home on leave from an active campaign in which he would have held a high command, and to do so in order to take up a lucrative and influential civil appointment, would, during any of Wellington's own campaigns in the Peninsula, have been looked upon as the lowest step of professional dishonour.

Here again Sir Frederick shows himself wholly insensible of the obligations and sense of duty in a Minister. What was this 'lucrative and influential civil appointment'? It so happened that Wellesley, very much against his inclination, had been Irish Secretary since the fall of 'All the Talents' in 1807. He had accepted the office unwillingly, only on condition that it should not interfere with his employment on active service;¹ and after three months he had asked to be relieved of it, so that he might be free to apply for a command in the expedition to Copenhagen. He received the command, but was not permitted to resign. After he had driven Junot out of Portugal, it was clear, as Sir Frederick Maurice says, that there was no chance of active service under Dalrymple. We have Wellesley's word for it that, had he continued in command, he would have carried the war into Spain; but all that was at an end. Sir Hew Dalrymple proposed that Wellesley should go upon a special mission to Madrid. This he declined to do unless Dalrymple would admit him fully into his confidence. Failing to receive assurance of

¹ Letter to the Marquess of Buckingham: *Suppl. Despatches*, xiii. 285.

that, and perceiving that there was no prospect of his further services being required in the field, he returned to his most distasteful duty at the Irish Office.

'Wellesley was a Ministers' general,' says Sir Frederick; 'Moore was not' (ii. 234). Why not? Because Moore distrusted Ministers, and was always inclined to think they were plotting against him. Pitt, as Sir Frederick allows, had perfect confidence in Moore as a soldier, yet Moore complained of Pitt's manner to him during an interview after his recall from Corsica.

I explained the conversation I had with Sir Gilbert previous to my leaving Corsica, and spoke with great warmth, provoked both by the injury done to me and by Mr. Pitt's stiff and cold manners. . . . Upon my return to town I had again occasion to see Mr. Dundas. In my first conversation I had complained to him of Mr. Pitt's cold manner. He now told me that I must have mistaken Mr. Pitt, as he had spoken very favourably to him of me, . . . and had expressed a wish that I should be employed. Mr. Dundas told Mr. Pitt that he was surprised to hear him speak thus, as I had complained of the manner in which he had received me (i. 181).

In effect, Moore was immediately sent out as a brigadier-general in the West Indies.

Canning and Castlereagh were practically the two operative members of the Portland Cabinet. Canning, as has been shown, was distrustful of Moore's diplomatic tact in dealing with sensitive allies; Castlereagh, for his part, cannot have derived much encouragement from Moore's despatches from Portugal. Here is an example:

Toro: 16th December, 1808.— . . I shall march from this to-morrow to some villages within two or three leagues of Benevente. I shall there be so close as to be able to protect Sir David's junction, and make it perfectly secure. It will be the 20th before all his corps are up. If then Marshal Soult is so good as to approach us, we shall be much obliged to him; but if not, we shall march towards him. It will be very agreeable to give a wipe to such a corps, although with respect to the cause generally, it will probably have no effect, Spain being in the state described in Berthier's letter. She has made no efforts for herself. Ours came too late, and cannot, at any rate, be sufficient . . . In short, unless some great effort, of which there is now but little probability, is made by the Spaniards, it is evident how the business must terminate; for even if I beat Soult, unless the victory has the effect to rouse the Spaniards and to give their leaders ability, it will be attended with no other advantage than the character it will attach to the British arms (ii. 366).

Wellesley, following Moore, found precisely the same difficulties to encounter, arising from the total want of organisation among the patriots of Spain and Portugal, in the wretched inefficiency of their armies, and in the absence of means of transport; but, even while reporting upon these obstacles, he made

comparatively light of them as something to be overcome; and never spoke of 'giving a wipe' to the enemy which should have no effect upon the cause at stake. That he left to the Corporation of London, who petitioned King George not to bestow any distinction upon the victor of Talavera, who had exhibited, 'with equal rashness and ostentation, nothing but a useless valour.'

It is true that Wellesley certainly would not have made the forward movement to Talavera unless he had relied on the co-operation of Cuesta and his army; but no sooner were these in presence of the enemy than their utter uselessness was made plain; not from want of patriotism—nobody except Moore and Napier has ever thrown doubt upon the noble spirit which animated the Spanish people; not from lack of personal courage—Wellesley's complaint was that the Spanish generals were ever imprudently eager to fight pitched battles; but simply from absence of organisation, from ignorance of the art of war, and because their troops could not manœuvre, never having been instructed in field exercise. Wellesley found it impossible to co-operate with the Spanish armies until, after Salamanca, he was appointed their Captain-General. In 1810, when Wellesley (by that time Lord Wellington) declined to move to the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo, resisting the passionate appeal of its commander, gallant old Herrasti—'O venir luego! luego! luego! á socorrer esta plaza,' the indignation of the Spanish generals and the Junta blazed forth; they declined to supply him with any information or to communicate with him in any way whatever. Wellington did not upon that account speak of 'giving the whole thing up,' which was Moore's expression to Hope when he had made up his mind to fall back upon Portugal. By quoting a letter from Moore to Castlereagh of the same date, Sir Frederick has shown that Sir John did not mean that he was about to abandon the cause of Spain altogether; he signified only the intention of postponing the advance into Spain until the following season. But the phrase was ill-chosen, conveying an impression of despondency which Wellington never allowed himself to feel, far less to give utterance to.

The fact is that Moore, far more amiable than Wellington, no whit inferior to him in personal courage and soldierly resource, perhaps his superior in the handling of troops, as he undoubtedly was in securing the affection of those under his command, was lacking in that 'granite' of character against which difficulties

reared themselves only to be dispersed and ridden down. Ministers at home, for whom Sir Frederick Maurice is so chary in sympathy, had need of all the stiffening they could receive to hold upon the course on which they had embarked. They had perfect reliance upon Moore as a soldier, but he was no support to them in combining military with political conditions. The whole tone of Wellington's despatches may be summed up in a sentence. 'Keep calm. The difficulties are great, but I believe I can master them. If not, I can bring the army away in safety.' In Moore's despatches there is no such tonic. For example, on December 28 he wrote to Castlereagh :

I shall retreat to Villafranca, where I understand there is a position, but if the French pursue I must hasten to the coast. . . . Some time ago the Marquis of Romana intimated his intention of returning into the Gallicias by Astorga and Villafranca. I endeavoured to dissuade him from it, pointing out to him that it was the only communication we had for our retreat or supplies, and begged that it might be left open to us. He stopped his start for the moment, but I much fear he will now prosecute it; in which case I know not how it will be possible for us to pass (ii. 382).

Wellington's despatches may be searched in vain from end to end for such an admission. Moore, with all his courage and profound military knowledge, was not possessed in full measure of that grim concentration of purpose which enabled Wellington to bend all men and circumstances, including a distrustful king and a harassed Ministry at home, suspicious Juntas and broken armies in the Peninsula, to the fulfilment of his design. He never mentioned a difficulty without explaining how it was to be overcome, and never admitted that the difficulty was a dilemma until after it had been surmounted. Then he would speak freely enough sometimes, as when he wrote to Charles Stewart, after crossing the Douro in the calamitous retreat from Burgos: 'I have got clear, in a handsome manner, of the worst scrape I ever was in.'

But Wellington paid the full price exacted from those who alone are capable of the highest achievement. By that very power of concentration and disdain for subsidiary issues, his intercourse with inferiors was shorn of those graces and of that consideration which endear a man to his fellow-workers. Men of British race hand down with pride and gratitude the memory of the Iron Duke (never was so faithful a byname coined); but John Moore's they cherish with a tender affection which the greater commander never secured.

IN LONDON CHAMBERS

(FROM THE AMERICAN STANDPOINT).

It was the view out of the windows that settled the matter.

J—— was hurrying to catch a train and keep an engagement when, by chance, he looked up and saw the sign 'To Let' in the very windows we had been hunting for from one end of London to the other. There was no mistaking them, and there they were within a two minutes' walk of the little hotel where we were staying at the time. It is always the way. The pleasant things of life are not found: they just happen. He let his train—and his engagement with it—go, and came straight back to tell me. Whatever the windows may have cost us since, whatever they may still cost us, would not be too much to pay for that first moment of delightful amazement at our good luck as we stood and looked down on the Thames and the factories opposite—it was a winter day, with just enough fog to turn them into 'palaces'—and, away in the distance, the dome of St. Paul's, a shadow against the pale sky, and all around it the dim spires and towers of Wren's city.

It was a further piece of good luck that the rooms belonging to the windows were as charming, for, in our enthusiasm, we would have taken them, no matter what they were like. In the advertisement they figured as 'chambers,' a name that suggests Pendennis and George Warrington, David Copperfield, Charles Lamb, and all sorts of amusing and delightful associations. What it means is the old-fashioned flat that retains all the inconveniences the English used to think were comforts, until they learned better on the Continent and from America, and that survives only in the Inns of Court and a few out-of-the-way corners in the business part of the town. These special chambers are in an old house at the end of one of the short, narrow streets, now rapidly being improved out of existence, that lead from the Strand to the river. When you turn into ours you would think it a slum, and I suppose you would be right, for a little court, where flower-girls and costermongers live, opens into it, and, together with the public-house round the corner, where the thirsty cabby waits for the Strand theatres to let out in the

evening, has seemed an insurmountable objection to friends who wanted the chambers underneath us on the rare occasions when these were to be had. But we do not mind trifles of this kind. Besides, the street widens towards our end and is lined with eighteenth-century houses, a bit grimy now, but with doors and windows the architect comes from far and near to copy; and, anyway, our windows are at the top of the house and look out on the river and not on the street.

As for the house, it not only has the air of having had a past, but it has had one. Bacon and Pepys were its tenants in their time. Canaletto made a drawing of it. Peter the Great and David Copperfield lodged just over the way. And for a quarter of a century Etty lived in our rooms, with Stanfield downstairs, and Turner one of many visitors who came to look out of Etty's windows—that is, out of ours. People seem to think this gives us a sort of proprietorship in Etty, and they are constantly presenting us with relics of him. We have his portrait hanging in the hall; we have his key-ring, with his name and address engraved on it, the delightful gift of his great-nephew. We have also a letter he wrote to ask a friend for an extra ticket for the private view at the Royal Academy, of which he was then a distinguished member, though it does not seem to have secured him any special privileges. The letter also hangs in our hall; and if sometimes I feel inclined to turn it the other way about, and proudly display, instead, the inscription of the equally distinguished literary man whose offering it was, so far I have resisted the temptation, and I think, on the whole, we show our appreciation of this one at least of our great predecessors.

Of course, I do not say that the house is just as Bacon and Pepys would remember it. I know for a fact that a row of gables has disappeared since Canaletto made his drawing. But the most recent restorer was Adam, or one of his contemporaries, as our mantels and cornices prove; and Adam decorations, and the bit of fifteenth-century drain-pipe, found when the County Council overhauled our plumbing a few years ago, are eloquent enough proofs in our eyes of respectable age and a desirable past.

All these details, I need not say, we learned later on. The great thing at the moment was to know how to get possession of our windows. In new flats, even in London, it is thought worth while to smooth your way if you want to rent them; and usually someone in authority, or, at least, with information, is on the

spot. In old chambers everything is, or was then—as it seemed to us, fairly fresh from the other side—made as difficult as possible, as if the one object were to get rid of you as soon as you ventured to offer yourself as tenant of such historic premises. The ancient, white-haired housekeeper in charge of ours—she was old enough to remember Etty—was not sure of anything, except that she wasn't going to have us get our coals in after ten o'clock in the morning, and we might as well understand it at once. Coals, at that stage, were so remote, we would have agreed to anything as far as they were concerned, and I must do her the justice to explain that her one reason for so apparently unreasonable a request was her desire to keep the house the spotless marvel it was—spotless, that is, for London. Once this was settled, she gave us the address of the landlord's agent. He lived in a suburb, and I remember it struck us that it could have occurred to none but an Englishman, with business in town, to place the slowest of slow suburban trains between him and his clients. I don't know what he thought of our American ways when, the very day he put his sign in the windows, we appeared in his office. He looked, if anything, more ancient than the housekeeper—he surely must have known Pepys—and the antimacassars adorning his chairs, and the smell of mutton and greens pervading everything, could not have been a day younger. It would be as easy to run your head through a stone wall as to try to make an Englishman do anything any way he never did it before. There was no objection to us as tenants; we had sufficient references, and we were the first to apply. But we might have talked ourselves blue that first day, and the agent would not have let us off the least part of the correspondence and meetings without which he had never concluded a contract yet, and never meant to. We had even to set up a solicitor of our own; for it is part—I am speaking, be it understood, from our American standpoint—of the ponderousness of English life that you can do nothing without a solicitor. There is no getting out of it, though you may plead nationality as an excuse. I know of only one American living in London who has escaped—without trouble, he says, but he has never offered to prove it. Certainly, it was not until we had signed papers, paid for the most amazing and ponderous legal document, in the shape of a lease, I had ever laid eyes upon, and lived for days in an atmosphere of red tape, official seals, and legal fog, that our windows were formally handed over to us. We might have been renting the whole town, judging from the trouble

it gave us. What we spent just to get to the point of taking the place I do not know; I never had the courage to reckon it up. What we were to spend after that point was reached, both in money and inconvenience, we were not long in finding out.

There was, of course, to begin with, the rent. It seemed a fair price for what we were to get from our windows alone, and so we overlooked the less cheerful fact that it was out of all proportion to our income, and worse that, though in an ordinary modern flat rates and taxes are the landlord's affair, in chambers they are the tenant's. We could count upon their coming to a third of the rent, everybody, including the agent, told us. But in the absence of definite figures it was easy to believe that everybody exaggerated. If you want a thing very much, you do not see its drawbacks until you can't help yourself. The first blue paper opened our eyes a bit. It is appalling the first time you come face to face with sewer rates, and poor rates, and school board rates, and police rates, and gracious knows what sort of rates besides. The second blue paper, a water rate all by itself, was more depressing still. Then there was the terrible moment when it dawned upon us what it meant to have these two papers appear regularly, not every year, but every six months. Most unbearable, however, was the third blue paper, demanding from us, good American citizens, an income-tax that goes, as I understand it, to swell the Imperial Exchequer. I say nothing of the smaller Imperial tax, charged on the same paper, the exact nature of which I have never been able to fathom. This we could have endured. It is the income-tax, against all American ideas of right and wrong, that rankles. As long as we had been content in lodgings, our income had escaped the official eye. But once we set up as householders, not even our American citizenship or American principle could save us. Americans in London may rebel for a while, but they cannot get out of it in the end. I have heard of one who evaded it for ten years, and then was pounced upon by the collector for arrears. And it is no use to refuse to fill up the wretched paper of inquiry stuck in your letter-box—a paper which could have given the Grand Inquisitor points. We refused one year, but the assessor, I think he is called, filled it up for us, and we thought it wonderful how, according to his reckoning, our income had gone up by leaps and bounds.

Now, after we had paid for keeping our street clean, which it seldom is, and for the police, who are always out of the way when wanted, and for the poor, who come all the same boldly to our

front door to exact private rates, and for schools, to which we have no children to send, and for sewers, which are constantly out of order, and for water, that runs short in an emergency, and for an income that runs as short even without the emergency—for if we had not moved into chambers we should not have been asked for income-tax, and so I include it with the rest—after we have paid all these things, it comes nearer the truth to calculate our rates and taxes as a half, or even three-quarters, of our rent.

A clause in our lease, had we been a shade less eager, must have shown us the other liabilities, almost as heavy, that the rent made no pretence of covering. The landlord undertook to keep the roof dry over our heads, and the outer walls sound and clean; but we were to keep the rooms themselves in repair and decorative order. There is not one we would have lived in as we found it. The landlord was charmed with them all—that was natural—and so surprised when we told him we were not, that I thought he was going to charge us extra on the spot for the privilege of carrying out his own conditions. The truth was anyone, except a landlord, would have had difficulty in deciding which was the more unbearable—the dirt where paper and paint were old, or the colour where they were new. How we did it I never quite understood, but, before our one audience was over, we had persuaded him to contribute fifteen pounds towards our expenses—a sum that exactly paid for refitting the bathroom, the last tenant, with the Englishman's respect for his own possessions, having carried off the bath tub and all the pipes he could without tearing up the floor or pulling down the walls.

But this business cost us still more in mental wear and tear before we had got through with it, for it led to our first experience with the British workman. We had given the contract to a man who was a genius in his way, with a real sense of colour and a keen eye for old furniture. But he could not do everything himself.

As I watched the work day by day, the marvel was not that it took so long to do, but that it ever got done at all. The workmen, and they were typical, or, if anything, rather better than the average, would arrive about seven in the morning. By the time they put on their white coats, unpacked their tools, and looked about to see where they had left off the day before, it was eight and their breakfast hour—literally hour, for they seldom got back before nine. By eleven they were ready for their first glass of beer, which meant half an hour, though the public-house

was, as it always is in London, just round the corner. From one to two they dined. To get through the afternoon needed another glass of beer and afternoon tea, though the afternoon was over at five. If, in their short working day of five or, at the best, six hours, they had all been doing something, I would not have minded so much. But the British workman, like the policeman in dangerous quarters, always goes about in pairs. One man does the work; the other looks on, his hands in his pockets or, at moments of irrepressible energy and ambition, he holds an odd nail or hammer.

When the British workman eventually got through with our chambers, the time came to face their inconveniences. Then I knew why the ancient housekeeper was so perturbed over the coal. To be sure, spacious cellars for coal and wine were allotted to us. But what free-born American would ask any servant to go down four flights of stairs and up again for every scuttle of coal and bottle of wine, and that was what it would come to if we used the cellars. There was no lift, no dumb waiter, not so much as the basket on the end of a string by which the Italian solves the same problem. Everybody, from our friends to the postman, everything, from the coal to the day's supplies, must reach us by the one stairway and in the one front door.

I had already seen what the English maid can accomplish in the way of bringing up scuttles of coal and jugs of hot water in hotels and lodgings as innocent of lifts and hot-water pipes as our chambers. But to be responsible for asking her to do it was another matter. That was why I gave up any thought of laying in a supply for the winter; chambers, clearly, were not made for the economy of wholesale supplies. The coal bin in the kitchen would only hold half a ton; therefore I must not get in more than half a ton at a time, but set my wits to work to make that half ton last as long as possible, if not longer. That is why I use gas in the kitchen to cook our dinners, gas in the bath-room to heat the bath, gas in the bedroom and dining-room to keep them warm. If I have coal fires in the other rooms, it is solely because they are pleasant to look at. You can't expect more than that of an English open fire. When I first came to England and shivered through the winter, I used to say, 'Wait until I have a place of my own!' But now I have it, I shiver all the same. I do not attempt to explain why it never seems to occur to the Englishman that the heat from a roaring fire might as well come into the room as go up the chimney. I sometimes think he

would be supremely uncomfortable if, by chance, he made himself comfortable. When he goes to America in winter, he complains of the tropical heat of our houses, but at home he endures the arctic cold of his own without a murmur. A fire in a bedroom is, at any season, a horrible concession to modern luxurious living; a fire anywhere after the first of May and before the first of October does not enter into his scheme of existence.

But I did not understand the full meaning of British conservatism until I started out to engage a servant. If in England you live as the English do, it is all right, and that is the way most of my countrypeople, who have kept house in London and afterwards written about it, seem to have managed, though I always marvel at the elasticity of their income. But if you don't, if, for one reason or another, you cannot face the correct assortment of butler, footman, cook, kitchen-maid, parlour-maid, house-maid, why, it's all wrong, and you might as well acknowledge yourself a social insignificancy and be done with it. Now, I couldn't face them. I didn't want them all, I couldn't have paid if I had wanted them, and I hadn't enough room for them even if I could have paid. And so I found I would have to fall back upon what the English call a 'general,' a woman who is butler, footman, cook, kitchen-maid, parlour-maid, house-maid in one. That no decent 'general' was forthcoming seemed to me inevitable when I learned, by painful experience, the scorn with which even her name was received in the various Registry Offices where I went hunting for her. I have never imagined anything so haughty as the manner with which the lady at the desk treated me and my modest application: 'We don't supply generals,' and I was dismissed. After a while I tried a compromise and asked for a 'cook-housekeeper,' which sounds a trifle more respectable, I admit. It worked beautifully until there came the invariable question, 'How many other servants do you keep?' and I was adrift again in a cruel world, where one has no business to be poor, and it is the unpardonable sin not to live as one's neighbours do. London was made for the rich. With money in your pocket, there is nothing you cannot have; but squalor alone is to be bought with a limited income. It was the landlady of the little hotel, where we waited for the British workman to move out of our chambers, who came to my rescue. She had been advertising for a servant, and she kindly handed over to me one who came in answer but did not suit her special needs. The woman was young, willing, pretty, and cheap—twenty pounds a year—and she was

engaged on the spot. Her adventures in our chambers make a thrilling story, but I am not going to tell it now: it deserves a chapter to itself. The name she answered to was Henrietta, which must therefore be the English equivalent for Germinie Lacerteux. It is enough, here, to say that she came at the time appointed, that, in her white apron and cap with flowing streamers, she was an ornament to the establishment, that she cooked excellently, that her coffee was delicious—and that the second Sunday evening of her short stay with us I found her dead drunk in the kitchen.

I tried old women next, and I was stern with them, and insisted on their taking 'beer money' instead of the beer which the English servant is privileged to demand as a right. But old women, unfortunately, get older, and the time comes too soon when the whole situation has to be faced anew. There have been intervals—intervals of eating cold things or wandering forth in search of a dinner, which is about the last thing to do in London, unless you are prepared to pay for it. Then, one day, I had a brilliant idea. If the English couldn't give me what I wanted, and what fitted in with my scheme of life, why couldn't someone who, like myself, was a foreigner in a land where she still preferred her own to native manners? That is how I happened to take a French *bonne-à-tout-faire*, which suggests, and is, something very much nicer than the English 'general.' She costs more—I could have two English servants for the same price. She eats more, for, disdaining the endless course of tea and bacon and cheese, upon which the English servant grows anæmic, she expects to dine like a Christian. She makes no question of beer or beer money, but looks for a little wine in her water as a matter of course. She will probably double your bill at the baker's, and she will be surprised if you don't say 'good morning' to her when you come down to breakfast. In a word, she would disorganise a British household. But, then, ours isn't a British household, and, on the other hand, she does twice as much as the English servant without stopping to ask whether it is her work or not. She rather likes being alone and having everything under her management. She is intelligent to a fault. And you do not lower yourself in her good opinion and graces if you talk to her as the sensible person she is.

With the tradespeople there was no trouble at all, except to refuse the many who were eager to serve me because they had served the previous tenant. I made my bargain with the milk-

man without delay, and then bore, as well as I could, my disappointment when I met his milk cans pushed about on little handcarts, instead of slung from the capacious shoulders of the London milkwoman or milkgirl, who, in skirts up to her ankles and little shawl over her shoulders, is as much of a type in London as the man with his goats in Naples.

As for provisions, and groceries, and the rest, I had a beautiful scheme, for which I took great credit to myself. I had never kept house before, and, in the first glow of enthusiasm, I meant to keep it on the most economical terms possible. Like the Provençal who took care of us for awhile, I could say—though, alas! I can say it no longer without sarcasm—‘I adore the Economy!’ And so I made up my mind to buy everything at one of the ‘stores,’ those huge co-operative establishments supposed to be designed for the protection of the ordinary mortal against the rapacity of the tradesman. The nearest, fortunately, was in the next street. I went to it promptly, with a pleasant sense of virtue, to get in my first supply, meagre compared with a supply adapted to the capacious pantry of a Philadelphia house, but lavish for chambers without any pantry at all, without a cold store-room, for in England even the refrigerator is still all but unknown—in a word, without any pretence of a store-room except an absurd little outside cupboard below the kitchen window, just where it catches the full blaze of the afternoon sun, when, by chance, the sun manages to shine in London.

Well, I paid five shillings, I think it was, initiation fee, and half-a-crown yearly subscription. I was given an impressively big catalogue. And I marched to the grocery department. ‘I want——’

‘Make out your list, if you please, Madam,’ and the indifferent attendant went on tying up his parcels.

I discovered that I must consult my catalogue and write down, on the paper provided for the purpose, the number of whatever it was I wanted, the thing itself, and its price. It took me a morning to prepare my first order. One may get used to it in time, but I had not the time to get used to it in—unless I gave up making a weekly income to save a daily penny. I fell back on the ordinary tradesman.

I could not wish my enemy a worse fate. What the Londoner thinks of British tradesmen he spent a large part of last summer saying, in answer to the question, put to him by one of his morning papers, ‘Do tradesmen cheat?’ If the average

Londoner says that they do, it is not for me, a foreigner, to deny it. But I could have borne their cheating had they cheated me with distinction. Here you have the difference between the Englishman and the American. The Englishman will haggle over a penny—for the principle of the thing, he tells you. The American will let the penny and the principle go, provided he gets what he wants. But I did not get what I wanted—that was my objection. Since my dealings with London butchers, I have always wondered how the beef of the country came by its reputation. I shudder when I think of the great shapeless hunks that have appeared on my table. And more extraordinary is the fact that whatever part of the animal I may ask for is always three-quarters fat, though the butcher, as if that were not enough, adds a slab from somewhere else, as a crowning delicacy, when the meat goes in the scales. And the famous English chop, with its layers and layers of fat, what courage it requires! I am not going into the question of price. My complaint is that, even after you have paid the price—and it has been steadily going up ever since the outbreak of the Boer War—you do not, half the time, get meat worth eating. This is not mere foreign prejudice. I was lunching in a typical English household of the lavish kind only the other day, and the son complained that the steak, smothered in onions, was tough. 'Why,' said his mother blandly, 'you ought to know by this time you never can get a tender steak in England.' She is almost right. Really, for a good beef-steak you must go to Italy or Spain, even though there they are not always boasting about it.

My quarrel with the greengrocer was that his ideas and enterprise, nine months out of the twelve, were limited to Brussels sprouts and 'greens.' Things have improved a little since the days of my first amazement to find the tomato exalted from the big market basket to an honoured place with hot-house fruit. It, at any rate, has grown more plentiful, though still sold by the pound. But, in other respects, the greengrocer's shop is as barren as I found it nineteen years ago.

As for the grocer, it was astonishing how the same article, whether tea or coffee or anything else, at the same price, managed to vary in quality from week to week.

But it was when it came to the bread that I felt I must draw the line—that amazing British loaf, the two round chunks, one stuck on top of the other—crustless, tasteless, heavy. All these long years in England have failed to reconcile me to it.

Altogether, at the beginning of life behind our windows, I felt the price was high for the pleasure—though the pleasure, I hasten to add, has never yet palled. But here I was, in a place of my own, shivering through the winter, and all the year round eating things I did not particularly care to eat. As I have already said, a well-filled purse in London sees you through any difficulty, and saves you every discomfort. There are *chefs* to be had who can disguise the butcher's clumsiness. In the large grocery shops of the West End, quality is not much less certain than the bill you run up to obtain it. Climate and distance do not exist for the greengrocers of Regent and Bond Streets and the Middle Row of Covent Garden; and even sweet potatoes and corn, water-melons and cantaloupes are yours—if you can afford them. But we could not afford them, and there was no use thinking we could.

Face to face with the serious problem of how to live my own material life in my own way, I could have laughed at the folly of Ibsen's heroines making their psychological mountains out of mole-hills. I had almost given up hope when, one day, passing through Soho to go to the little theatre in Dean Street, I passed a butcher's—but such a butcher's! In the window—and the window alone showed it was not as other butchers' are—were fillets of beef and veal, rolled and larded; shoulders of mutton, boned, rolled, and stuffed; little cutlets, plump and delicately trimmed. That was a wonderful moment. I went in and ordered a fillet on the spot. The butcher was French—there was the explanation. My journeys to order more fillets and fricandeaus led me back to Soho again and again; and by degrees I chanced upon as irreproachable a little French grocer with French groceries and decent wine at Soho prices. Then I found a *marchand de légumes*, as he calls himself—his shop is the *Quatre Saisons*—where every salad that grows appears in season, and every vegetable they eat in France, where they know what vegetables are; and next, a French baker, with the long, crisp, crusty loaves that no French *table d'hôte* would be without; and a French pastry-cook with a soul above stodginess; and even a French laundry. I have said nothing about laundries as yet. I have not had the heart to. In London, washing is never done at home; in chambers, naturally, it would be an impossibility. There are therefore plenty of laundries, all of them bad, as far as my experience goes. I will say no more, except that it is not easy to reach the stage when you look on calmly while your house linen is riddled with

holes years before its time, and your own linen grows yellow and dingy, not with age but with acids and carelessness. From the French laundry, at least, everything comes home spotless, and is left to wear out with time.

This then is how I succeed in keeping house in London without conforming to the English conventions to which I could never reconcile myself, even if they were to be had at a cost that did not spell ruin. I have a French servant and a French charwoman. I deal with a French butcher, a French grocer, a French greengrocer, a French baker, and a French confectioner. My ice is brought by an Italian, and is kept in an American refrigerator. My clothes are washed at a French laundry.

It is one of the charms of London that such inconsistencies are possible. Moreover, though our chambers are in the centre of London, the immediate little neighbourhood, shut in between the river and the Strand, is just like a small country town or village. 'The quarter,' people who live in it call it affectionately. We all know each other's affairs, even though we may not know each other. We have our own local gossip. 'They do talk a lot in the street, you know,' one of my neighbours informed me, at the same time revealing an unexpectedly intimate knowledge of my movements. On a summer evening you will find little groups of housekeepers exchanging news at their front doors, for almost all the houses are let as chambers, and each has a housekeeper in charge. We have our special milkman and newspaper agent and builder and plumber, our own hand-organs, our own beggars who ring our front-door bells. The postmen touch their hats as we pass. Even the dogs wag their tails in recognition, and I do believe I am on speaking terms with every cat in the 'quarter.' It will be clear, therefore, that I do not speak of London life as it is regulated in the correct Squares and Rows and Places and Crescents. Information of this kind I leave to the Americans whose capacious incomes, made by their pens, never cease to astound me. All I can do is to show that, when one's income and inclination are not fashioned on regulation lines, it is still possible, not only to live, but to live delightfully in London.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

VI. THE MURDER OF ESCOVEDO.

'MANY a man,' says De Quincey, 'can trace his ruin to a murder, of which, perhaps, he thought little enough at the time.' This remark applies with peculiar force to Philip II. of Spain, to his secretary, Antonio Perez, to the steward of Perez, to his page, and to a number of professional ruffians. All of these, from the King to his own scullion, were concerned in the slaying of Juan de Escovedo, secretary of Philip's famous natural brother, Don John of Austria. All of them, in different degrees, had bitter reason to regret a deed which, at the moment, seemed a commonplace political incident.

The puzzle in the case of Escovedo does not concern the manner of his taking off, or the identity of his murderers. These things are perfectly well known; the names of the guilty, from the King to the bravo, are ascertained. The mystery clouds the motives for the deed. *Why* was Escovedo done to death? Did the King have him assassinated for purely political reasons, really inadequate, but magnified by the suspicious royal fancy? Or were the secretary of Philip II. and the monarch of Spain rivals in the affections of a one-eyed widow of rank? and did the secretary, Perez, induce Philip to give orders for Escovedo's death, because Escovedo threatened to reveal to the King their guilty intrigue? Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and Monsieur Mignet accepted, with shades of difference, the latter explanation. Mr. Froude, on the other hand, held that Philip acted for political reasons, and with the full approval of his very ill-informed conscience. There was no lady as a motive in the case, in Mr. Froude's opinion. A third solution is possible: Philip, perhaps, wished to murder Escovedo for political reasons, and without reference to the tender passion; but Philip was slow and irresolute, while Perez, who dreaded Escovedo's interference with his love affair, urged his royal master on to the crime which he was shirking. We may never know the exact truth but at least we can study a state of morals and manners at

Madrid, compared with which the blundering tragedies of Holyrood, in Queen Mary's time, seem mere child's play. The 'lambs' of Bothwell are lambs playful and gentle when set beside the instruments of Philip II.

The murdered man, Escovedo, and the 'first murderer,' as Shakespeare says, Antonio Perez, had both been trained in the service of Ruiz Gomez, Philip's famous minister. Gomez had a wife, Aña de Mendoza, who, being born in 1546, was aged thirty-two, not thirty-eight (as M. Mignet says), in 1578, when Escovedo was killed. But 1546 may be a misprint for 1540. She was blind in one eye in 1578, but probably both her eyes were brilliant in 1567, when she really seems to have been Philip's mistress, or was generally believed so to be. Eleven years later, at the date of the murder, there is no obvious reason to suppose that Philip was constant to her charms. Her husband, created Prince d'Eboli, had died in 1573 (or as Mr. Froude says in 1567); the Princess was now a widow, and really, if she chose to distinguish her husband's old secretary, now the King's secretary, Antonio Perez, there seems no reason to suppose that Philip would have troubled himself about the matter. That he still loved Aña with a constancy far from royal, that she loved Perez, that Perez and she feared that Escovedo would denounce them to the King, is M. Mignet's theory of the efficient cause of Escovedo's murder. Yet M. Mignet holds, and rightly, that Philip had made up his mind, as far as he ever did make up his mind, to kill Escovedo, long before that diplomatist became an inconvenient spy on the supposed lovers.

To raise matters to the tragic height of the *Phædra* of Euripides, Perez was said to be the natural son of his late employer, Gomez, the husband of his alleged mistress. Probably Perez was nothing of the sort; he was the bastard of a man of his own name, and his alleged mistress, the widow of Gomez, may even have circulated the other story to prove that her relations with Perez, though intimate, were innocent. They are a pretty set of people!

As for Escovedo, he and Perez had been friends from their youth upwards. While Perez passed from the service of Gomez to that of Philip, in 1572 Escovedo was appointed secretary to the nobly adventurous Don John of Austria. The Court believed that he was intended to play the part of spy on Don John, but he fell under the charm of that gallant heart, and really accepted,

if he did not inspire, the most daring projects of the victor of Lepanto, the Sword of Christendom. This was very inconvenient for the leaden-footed Philip, who never took time by the forelock, but always brooded over schemes and let opportunity pass. Don John, on the other hand, was all for forcing the game, and, when he was sent to temporise and conciliate in the Low Countries, and withdraw the Spanish army of occupation, his idea was to send the Spanish forces out of the Netherlands by sea. When once they were on blue water he would make a descent on England; rescue the captive Mary Stuart; marry her (he was incapable of fear!); restore the Catholic religion, and wear the English crown. A good plot, approved of by the Pope, but a plot which did not suit the genius of Philip. He placed his leaden foot upon the scheme and on various other gallant projects, conceived in the best manner of Alexander Dumas. Now Escovedo, to whom Don John was devotedly attached, was the soul of all these chivalrous designs, and for that reason Philip regarded him as a highly dangerous person. Escovedo was at Madrid when Don John first went to the Low Countries (1576). He kept urging Philip to accept Don John's fiery purposes, though Antonio Perez entreated him to be cautious. At this date, 1576, Perez was really the friend of Escovedo. But Escovedo would not be advised: he wrote an impatient memorial to the King, denouncing his stitchless policy (*descosido*), his dilatory, shambling, idealess proceedings. So, at least, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell asserts in his 'Don John of Austria': 'the word used by Escovedo was *descosido*, "unstitched."' But Mr. Froude says that Philip used the expression, later, in reference to another letter of Escovedo's, which he also called 'a bloody letter' (January 1578). Here Mr. Froude can hardly be right, for Philip's letter containing that vulgar expression is of July 1576.

In any case, in 1576 Philip was induced, by the intercession of Perez, to overlook the fault, and Escovedo, whose presence Don John demanded, was actually sent to him in December 1576. From this date both Don John and Escovedo wrote familiarly to their friend Perez, while Perez lured them on, and showed their letters to the King. Just as Charles I. commissioned the Duke of Hamilton to spy on the Covenanted nobles, and pretend to sympathise with them, and talk in their godly style, so Philip gave Perez orders to entrap Don John and Escovedo. Perez said: 'I want no theology but my own to justify me,' and Philip wrote

in reply, 'my theology takes the same view of the matter as your own.'

At this time, 1577, Perez, though a gambler and a profligate, who took presents from all hands, must have meant nothing worse, on M. Mignet's theory, than to serve Philip as he loved to be served, and keep him well informed of Don John's designs. Escovedo was not yet, according to M. Mignet, an obstacle to the amours of Perez and the King's mistress, the Princess d'Eboli. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, on the other hand, holds that the object of Perez already was to ruin Don John; for what reason Sir William owns that he cannot discover. Indeed Perez had no such object, unless Don John confided to him projects treasonous or dangerous to the Government of his own master, the King.

Now did Don John, or Escovedo, entrust Perez with designs not merely chivalrous and impracticable, but actually traitorous? Certainly Don John did nothing of the kind. Escovedo left him and went, without being called for, to Spain, arriving in July 1577. During his absence Don John defeated the Dutch Protestants in the battle of Gemblours, on January 31, 1578. He then wrote a letter full of chivalrous loyalty to Escovedo and Perez at Madrid. He would make Philip master indeed of the Low Countries; he asked Escovedo and Perez to inspire the king with resolution. To do that was impossible, but Philip could never have desired to murder Escovedo merely because he asked help for Don John. Yet, no sooner did Escovedo announce his return to Spain, in July 1577, than Philip, in a letter to Perez, said, 'we must hasten to despatch him, before he kills us.' There seems to be no doubt that the letter in which this phrase occurs is authentic, though we have it only in a copy. But is the phrase correctly translated? The words '*prieta á despacharle antes que nos mate*' certainly may be rendered, 'we must be quick and despatch him' (Escovedo), 'before he kills us.' But Mr. Froude, much more lenient to Philip than to Mary Stuart, proposes to render the phrase, 'we must despatch Escovedo quickly (*i.e.* send him about his business), 'before he worries us to death.' Mr. Froude thus denies that, in 1577, Philip already meant to kill Escovedo. Rather unluckily for Mr. Froude's theory, and for Philip's character, the King used the phrase *twice*. In March 1578 he wrote to Perez, about Escovedo, 'act quickly *antes que nos mate*,—before he kills us.' And this time Perez did act, and Escovedo was butchered!

Consequently, in 1577, Philip meant what he said, 'Despatch him before he kills us.'

Why did Philip thus dread Escovedo? We have merely the published statements of Perez, in his account of the affair. After giving the general causes of Philip's distrust of Don John, and the ideas which a deeply suspicious monarch may very well have entertained, considering the adventurous character of his brother, Perez adds a special charge against Escovedo. He vowed, says Perez, that, after conquering England, he and Don John would attack Spain. Escovedo asked for the captaincy of a castle on a rock commanding the harbour of Santander; he was *alcalde* of that town. He and Don John would use this fortress, as Aramis and Fouquet, in the novel of Dumas, meant to use Belle Isle, against their sovereign. As a matter of fact, Escovedo had asked for the command of Mogro, the fortress commanding Santander, in the spring of 1577, and Perez told Philip that the place should be strengthened, for the protection of the harbour, but not entrusted to Escovedo. Don John's loyalty could never have contemplated the use of the place as a keep to be held in an attack on his king. But, if Perez had, in 1577, no grudge against Escovedo as perilous to his alleged amour with the Princess d'Eboli, then the murderous plan of Philip must have sprung from the intense suspiciousness of his own nature, not from the promptings of Perez.

Escovedo reached Spain in July 1577. He was not killed till March 31, 1578, though attempts on his life were made some weeks earlier. M. Mignet argues that, till the early spring of 1578, Philip held his hand because Perez lulled his fears; that Escovedo then began to threaten to disclose the love affair of Perez to his royal rival, and that Perez, in his own private interest, now changed his tune, and, in place of mollifying Philip, urged Philip to the crime. But Philip was so dilatory that he could not even commit a murder with decent promptitude. Escovedo was not dangerous, even to his mind, while he was apart from Don John. But, as weeks passed, Don John kept insisting, by letter, on the return of Escovedo, and for *that* reason, I think, Philip screwed his courage to the (literally) 'sticking' point, and Escovedo was 'stuck.' When Perez organised the stabbing of Escovedo, he acted, I believe, merely as a servant of Philip, and not because Escovedo interfered with his amour.

The impression of M. Mignet, and of Sir William Stirling-

Maxwell, the biographer of Don John, is quite different. They hold that the Princess d'Eboli, in 1578, was Philip's mistress; that she deceived him with Perez; that Escovedo threatened to tell all, and that Perez therefore hurried on his murder. Had this been the state of affairs, would Escovedo have constantly accepted the invitations of Perez to dinner? The men would necessarily have been on the worst of terms, if Escovedo was threatening Perez, but Escovedo, in fact, kept on dining with Perez. Again, the policy of Perez would have been to send Escovedo where he wanted to go, to Flanders, well out of the way, back to Don John. It seems probable enough, though not certain, that, in 1567, the Princess and Philip were lovers. Some of the Princess's family, the Mendozas, even wanted to kill Perez, as a dishonour to their blood. But it is most unlikely, and it is not proved, that Philip was still devoted to the lady in 1578. At the trial of Perez later, much evidence was given to show that he loved the Princess, or was suspected of doing so, but it is not shown that this was a matter about which Philip had any reason to concern himself. Thus it is not inconceivable that Escovedo disliked the relations between Perez and the Princess, but nothing tends to show that he could have made himself dangerous by revealing them to the King. Moreover, if he spoke his mind to Perez on the matter, the two would not have remained, as apparently they did, on terms of the most friendly intercourse. A squire of Perez described a scene in which Escovedo threatened to denounce the Princess, but how did the squire become a witness of the scene, in which the Princess defied Escovedo in terms of singular coarseness?

At all events, when Philip consulted the Marquis of Los Velez on the propriety of killing Escovedo rather than sending him back to Don John, the reasons, which convinced the Marquis, were mere political suspicions.

It was at that time a question of conscience whether a king might have a subject assassinated, if his motives, though sufficient, were not such as could be revealed with safety in a court of justice. On these principles Queen Mary had a right to take Darnley off, for excellent political causes which could not safely be made public: for international reasons. Mary, however, unlike Philip, did not consult her confessor, who believed her to be innocent of her husband's death. The confessor of Philip said that the King had a perfect right to despatch Escovedo, and

Philip gave his orders to Perez. He repeated, in 1578, his words used in 1577: 'Make haste before he kills us.'

As to this point of conscience, the right of a king to commit murder on a subject for reasons of State, Protestant opinion seems to have been lenient. When the Ruthvens were killed at Perth, on August 5, 1600, in an affair the most mysterious of all mysteries, the Rev. Robert Bruce, a stern Presbyterian, refused to believe that James VI. had not planned their slaughter. 'But your Majesty might have secret reasons,' said Bruce to the King, who, naturally and truly, maintained his own innocence. This looks as if Mr. Bruce, like the confessor of Philip, held that a king had a right to murder a subject for secret reasons of State. The Inquisition vigorously repudiated the doctrine, when maintained by a Spanish preacher, but Knox approved of King Henry's (Darnley's) murder of Riccio. My sympathies are with the Inquisition.

Perez, having been commissioned to organise the crime, handed on the job to Martinez, his steward. Martinez asked a ruffianly page, Enriquez, 'if I knew anybody in my country (Murcia) 'who would stick a knife into a person.' Enriquez said, 'I will speak about it to a muleteer of my acquaintance, as, in fact, I did, and the muleteer undertook the business.' But later, hearing that a man of importance was to be knifed, Enriquez told Perez that a muleteer was not good enough: the job 'must be entrusted to persons of more consideration.'

Enriquez confessed for a good reason; Perez had absurdly mismanaged the business. All sorts of people were employed, and, after the murder, they fled, and began to die punctually in an alarming manner. Naturally Enriquez thought that Perez was acting like the Mures of Auchendrane, who despatched a series of witnesses and accomplices in their murder of Kennedy. As they always needed a new accomplice to kill the previous accomplice, then another to slay the slayer, and so on, the Mures if unchecked would have depopulated Scotland. Enriquez surmised that *his* turn to die would soon come; so he confessed, and was corroborated by Diego Martinez. Thus the facts came out, and this ought to be a lesson to murderers.

As the muleteer hung fire, Perez determined to poison Escovedo. But he did not in the least know how to set about it. Science was hardly in her infancy. If you wanted to poison a man in Scotland, you had to rely on a vulgar witch, or send a

man to France, at great expense, to buy the stuff, and the messenger was detected and tortured. The Court of Spain was not more civilised.

Martinez sent Enriquez to Murcia, to gather certain poisonous herbs, and these were distilled by a venal apothecary. The poison was then tried on a barndoor fowl, who was not one penny the worse. But Martinez somehow procured 'a certain water that was good to be given as a drink.' Perez asked Escovedo to dinner, Enriquez waited at table, and in each cup of wine that Escovedo drank, he, rather homœopathically, put 'a nutshellful of the water.' Escovedo was no more poisoned than the cock of the earlier experiment. 'It was ascertained that the beverage produced no effect whatever.'

A few days later, Escovedo again dined with the hospitable Perez. This time they gave him some white powder in a dish of cream, and also gave him the poisoned water in his wine, thinking it a pity to waste that beverage. This time Escovedo was unwell, and again when Enriquez induced a scullion in the royal kitchen to put more of the powder in a basin of broth in Escovedo's own house. For this the poor kitchenmaid who cooked the broth was hanged in the public square of Madrid, *in culpa*.

Pious Philip was demoralising his subjects at a terrible rate! But you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. Philip slew that girl of his kitchen as surely as if he had taken a gun and shot her, but probably the royal confessor said that all was as it should be.

In spite of the resources of Spanish science, Escovedo persisted in living, and Perez determined that he must be shot or stabbed. Enriquez went off to his own country to find a friend who was an assassin, and to get 'a stiletto with a very fine blade, much better than a pistol to kill a man with.' Enriquez, keeping a good thing in the family, enlisted his brother, and Martinez, from Aragon, brought 'two proper kind of men,' Juan de Nera and Insausti, who all, with the king's scullion, undertook the job. Perez went to Alcalá for Holy Week, just as the good Regent Murray left Edinburgh on the morning of Darnley's murder, after sermon. 'Have a halibi' was the motto of both gentlemen.

The underlings dogged Escovedo in the evening of Easter Monday. Enriquez did not come across him, but Insausti did his business with one thrust, in a workmanlike way. The scullion

hurried to Alcala, and told the news to Perez, who 'was highly delighted.'

We leave this good and faithful servant, and turn to Don John. When he, far away, heard the news he was under no delusions about love affairs as the cause of the crime. He wrote to his wretched brother the King 'in grief greater than I can describe.' The King, he said, had lost the best of servants, 'a man without the aims and craft which are now in vogue,' 'I may with just reason consider *myself* to have been the cause of his death,' the blow was really dealt at Don John. He expressed the most touching anxiety for the wife and children of Escovedo, who died poor, because (unlike Perez) 'he had clean hands.' He besought Philip, by the love of our Lord, 'to use every possible diligence to know whence the blow came and to punish it with the rigour which it deserves.' He himself will pay the most pressing debts of the dead. (From Beaumont, April 20, 1578.)

Probably the royal hound was astonished by this letter. On September 20 Don John wrote his last letter to his brother 'desiring more than life some decision on your Majesty's part. Give me orders for the conduct of affairs!' Philip scrawled in the margin, 'I will not answer.' But Don John had ended his letter 'Our lives are at stake, and all we ask is to lose them with honour.' It is like the last words of the last letter of the great Montrose to Charles II., 'with the more alacrity and vigour I go to search my death.' Like Montrose Don John carried with him fidelity and honour to the grave. He died, after a cruel illness, on October 1. Brantome says that he was poisoned by order of the King, at the instigation of Perez. 'The side of his breast was yellow and black, as if burned, and crumbled at the touch.' These things were always said when a great personage died in his bed. They are probably untrue, but a king who could conscientiously murder his brother's friend could as conscientiously, and for the same reasons, murder his brother.

The Princess d'Eboli rewarded and sheltered one of the murderers of Escovedo. They were all rewarded with chains of gold, silver cups, abundance of golden *écus*, and commissions in the army: all were sent out of the country, and some began to die strangely, which, as we saw, frightened Enriquez into his confession (1585).

At once Perez was suspected. He paid a visit of condolence to young Escovedo: he spoke of a love affair of Escovedo's in

Flanders; an injured husband must be the guilty man! But suspicion darkened. Perez complained to the king that he was dogged, watched, cross-examined by the *alcalde* and his son. The Escovedo family had a friend in Vasquez, another royal secretary. Knowing nothing of the king's guilt, and jealous of Perez, he kept assuring the king that Perez was guilty: that there was an amour, detected by Escovedo: that Escovedo perished for a woman's sake: that Philip must investigate the case, and end the scandal. The woman, of course, was the Princess d'Eboli. Philip cared nothing for her, now at least. Mr. Froude says that Don Gaspar Moro, in his work on the Princess 'has disproved conclusively the imagined *liaison* between the Princess and Philip II.' On the other hand, Philip was darkly concerned in litigations about property, *against* the Princess; these affairs Vasquez conducted, while Perez naturally was on the side of the widow of his benefactor. On these points, more than a hundred letters of Vasquez exist. Meanwhile he left, and the Escovedo family left, no stone unturned to prove that Perez murdered Escovedo because Escovedo thwarted his amour with the Princess.

Philip had promised, again and again, to stand by Perez. But the affair was coming to light, and if it must come out, it suited Philip that Vasquez should track Perez on the wrong trail, the trail of the amour, not follow the right scent which led straight to the throne, and the wretch who sat on it. But neither course could be quite pleasant to the King.

Perez offered to stand his trial, for evidence against him could not be found. His accomplices were far away; he would be acquitted, as Bothwell was acquitted of Darnley's death. Philip could not face the situation. He bade Perez consult the President of the Council, De Pazos, a Bishop, and tell him all, while De Pazos should mollify young Escovedo. The Bishop, a casuist, actually assured young Escovedo that Perez and the Princess 'are as innocent as myself.' The Bishop did not agree with the Inquisition: he could say that Perez was innocent, because he only obeyed the King's murderous orders. Escovedo retreated: Vasquez persevered, and the Princess d'Eboli, writing to the King, called Vasquez 'a Moorish dog.' Philip had both Perez and the Princess arrested, for Vasquez was not to be put down; his business in connection with the litigations was to pursue the Princess, and Philip could not tell Vasquez that he was on the

wrong trail. The lady was sent to her estates; this satisfied Vasquez, and Perez and he were bound over to keep the peace. But suspicion hung about Perez, and Philip preferred that it should be so. The secretary was accused of peculation, he had taken bribes on all hands, and he was sentenced to heavy fines and imprisonment (January 1585). Now Enriquez confessed, and a kind of secret inquiry, of which the records survive, dragged its slow course along. Perez was under arrest, in a house near a church. He dropped out of a window and rushed into the church, the civil power burst open the gates, violated sanctuary, and found our friend crouching, all draped with festoons of cobwebs, in the timber work under the roof. The Church censured the magistrates, but they had got Perez, and Philip defied the ecclesiastical courts. Perez, a prisoner, tried to escape by the aid of one of Escovedo's murderers, who was staunch, but failed, while his wife was ill treated to make him give up all the compromising letters of the King. He did give up two sealed trunks full of papers. But his ally and steward, Martinez, had first (it is said) selected and secreted the royal notes which proved the guilt of Philip.

Apparently the King thought himself safe now, and actually did not take the trouble to see whether his compromising letters were in the sealed trunks or not! At least, if he did know that they were absent, that Perez could produce proof of his guilt, it is hard to see why, with endless doubts and hesitations, he allowed the secret process for murder against Perez to drag on, after a long interruption, into 1589. Vasquez examined and re-examined Perez, but there was still only one witness against him, the scoundrel Martinez. One was not enough.

A new step was taken. The royal confessor assured Perez that he would be safe if he told the whole truth and declared openly that he had acted by the royal orders! Philip wrote to the same effect to Perez, but in general terms. Perez must not reveal the King's motive for decreeing the murder. If Philip was setting a trap for Perez, that trap only caught him if he could not produce the King's compromising letters, which he still possessed. Mr. Froude asserts that Philip had heard from his confessor, and *he* from the wife of Perez, that the letters were still secreted and could be produced. If so, Perez would be safe, and the King's character would be lost. What was Philip's aim and motive? Would he declare the letters to be forgeries? No

other mortal (of that day) wrote such an unmistakable hand as his, it was the worst in the world. He must have had some loophole, or he would never have pressed Perez to bear witness to his own crime. A loophole he had, and Perez knew it, for otherwise he would have obeyed orders, told the whole story, and been set free. He did not. Mr. Froude supposes that he did not think the royal authority would satisfy the judges. But they could not condemn Perez, a mere accessory to Philip, without condemning the King, and how could the judges do that? Perez, I think, would have taken his chance of the judges' severity, as against their King, rather than disobey the King's command to confess all, and so have to face torture. He did face the torture, which proves, perhaps, that he knew Philip could, somehow, escape from the damning evidence of his own letters. His Majesty might seize them by the aid of his bravoës, before they could be brought before the Court; he had no scruples as to how he regained them. So Perez refused to confess. Perhaps he really possessed them.

Like most people in his circumstances, he miscalculated his own power of bearing agony. He had not the endurance of the younger Auchendrane murderer, of Mitchell, the choice Covenanting assassin, of the gallant Jacobite Nevile Payne, tortured nearly to death by the minions of the Dutch usurper, William of Orange. All of these bore the torment and kept their secrets. But 'eight turns of the rope' opened the mouth of Perez, whose obstinacy had merely put him to great inconvenience. Yet he did not produce Philip's letters in corroboration; he said that they had been taken from him. However, next day, Diego Martinez, who had hitherto denied all, saw that the game was up, and admitted the truth of all that Enriquez had confessed in 1585.

About a month after the torture Perez escaped. His wife was allowed to visit him in prison. She had been the best, the bravest, the most devoted of women. If she had reason for jealousy of the Princess, which is by no means certain, she had forgiven all. She had moved heaven and earth to save her husband. In the Dominican church, at high mass, she had thrown herself upon the King's confessor, demanding before that awful Presence on the altar that the priest should refuse to absolve the King unless he set Perez free.

Admitted to her husband's prison, she played the trick that saved Lord Ogilvy from the dungeon of the Covenanters, that saved

Argyle, Nithsdale, and James Mòr Macgregor. Perez walked out of gaol in the dress of his wife. We may suppose that the guards were bribed: there is *always* collusion in these cases. One of the murderers had horses round the corner, and Perez, who cannot have been badly injured by the rack, rode thirty leagues, and crossed the frontier of Aragon.

We have not to follow his later adventures. The refusal of the Aragonese to give him up to Castile, their rescue of him from the Inquisition, cost them their constitution, and about seventy of them were burned as heretics. But Perez got clear away. He visited France, where Henry IV. befriended him; he visited England, where Bacon was his host. In 1594 (?) he published his *Relaciones*, and told the world the story of Philip's conscience. That story must not be relied on, of course, and the autograph letters of Philip as to the murder of Escovedo are lost. But the copies of them at the Hague are regarded as authentic, and the convincing passages are underlined in red ink.

Is it possible that Philip, after all, secured the whole of the autograph correspondence, and that Perez only succeeded in preserving the copies now at the Hague? If this be so, we understand why Perez would not confess the King's crime: he had only copies of his proofs to show; and copies were valueless as evidence.

'Bloody Perez,' as Bacon's mother called him, died at Paris in November 1611, outliving the wretched master whom he had served so faithfully. Queen Elizabeth tried to induce Amyas Paulet to murder Mary Stuart. Paulet, as a man of honour, refused; he knew, too, that Elizabeth would abandon him to the vengeance of the Scots. Perez ought to have known that Philip would desert him: his folly was rewarded by prison, torture, and confiscation, which were not more than the man deserved, who betrayed and murdered the servant of Don John of Austria.

PARTRIDGE REARING IN FRANCE.

MANY owners of partridge manors, and nearly all the most progressive gamekeepers on such estates, are at present occupied with one great and absorbing question. The problem before them is how to learn, and practise successfully, the system by which our neighbours across the Channel induce partridges to lay, sit, and hatch off their broods in captivity. The following extract from that excellent and practical little paper, the *Gamekeeper*, will show the interest of this subject to the future of English partridge shooting. After remarking on the genuine keenness to learn and try the Continental method, the writer goes on to say:—

‘A keeper who is the first in his neighbourhood to carry out the French system had better be careful to keep his ambition a secret, or he will find himself plagued from morning till night with people “coming to see.” Not the least importunate in this regard are his brethren of the craft, anxious to learn all they can of the new system; and every shooting gentleman for miles round will ride over just to have a look. If they worry him too much,’ the writer proceeds, with the frankness which distinguishes the correspondents of the *Gamekeeper*, ‘it will be best to have a pen or two of partridges in an odd corner to amuse them, and to keep the rest in seclusion and safety elsewhere.’

To satisfy this very general curiosity is in part the object of this paper. It must also be added that the subject of our debt to France for nearly every practical advance and improvement in the rearing, preserving, and bringing to the gun of both partridges and pheasants, as well as for the invention of the rapid-firing breechloader, necessary when game was on the wing in such increased numbers, is one which is scarcely realised, and almost invariably omitted from books dealing with the history of sport. It might be supposed from its sudden and simultaneous trial on English estates this season that the discovery was recent in France; but such is not the case. Though it has only lately been systematised and set out in a book (by M. H. Danin), it has been in use in some form or another for the last twenty years, not only on certain French preserves, but most probably in parts of

the Netherlands. In 1878 the writer's brother, the Rev. J. G. Cornish, was informed by a Dutch sportsman living at the Hague, but who was a frequent guest, not only in English country houses in the shooting season, but also of the late King of Holland at his shoots in Guelderland, that he had just seen a curious sight at a country house in North Holland. It was a room full of partridges, which were being kept through the winter. In order to prevent them from fighting, an old hen was placed among the partridges, and this hen acted as policeman. Judging by subsequent information, it is pretty clear that these birds were being kept to lay and sit in captivity, twenty-five years ago.

Though the French preservers had begun their system, it was not generally known in England, and not discussed, except by the few owners of shooting who exchange visits with French shooting men, until the disastrous partridge-breeding seasons of 1902 and 1903 so depleted the stock in the country that the need of rearing them artificially, if only to provide a head for breeding, became urgent. It is generally agreed that though grouse driving is one of the finest of sports, while high pheasants also have their ardent admirers, there is nothing in English shooting quite so exciting, and demanding such quick and various use of the gun, as partridge driving. To be a really first-class shot at driven partridges demands almost a natural gift of eye and hand, something which, in the realm of sport, answers to the definition of genius as applied to greater things. A vast amount of skill, involving deep consideration of topography, wind and weather, boundaries, crops, and organisation of beaters, is forthcoming in the management of the day's tactics also, to the great satisfaction, comfort, and, moreover, reputation of many landed proprietors, who bring to the subject the same brains and enthusiasm which enable them to shine in Parliament, in the Army, or in the management of a great estate, whether directing the tactics of the day personally, like the Earl of Leicester at Holkham, or Lord Albemarle at Quidenham, or by skilled lieutenants in the form of head gamekeepers.

To most of the ever-increasing list of enthusiasts for partridge driving the season of 1902 was a severe blow. Over a great part of England the first eggs were addled by frost, while a deluge of rain destroyed the ground sittings, or drove the birds from their eggs. The result was that on many estates there was no shooting, and even so the stock of partridges was very low in the spring of

1903. Until June of that year all went well. But then came the sixty hours of continuous rain, with low temperature, followed by incessant rains, such as have not been known in this country within the memory of man. The effect of this on bird life of all kinds was almost incredible. The writer happened to be in Essex on the Saturday after the three days' downpour, at a house, having around and near it every kind of natural feature to attract a population of small birds, wild fowl, and game; a park, full of ancient trees, groves, old gardens, well-preserved covers, and a large lake.

The sky was lead-coloured, and the air bitterly cold, though it was the fifteenth day of June. On the way hardly a small bird was seen in the hedges. The park seemed deserted by them. There were almost no swallows and martins flying over the swollen lake, and very few young wildfowl on the water. The ancient house was built round a large quadrangle. In this were lying many bodies of swallows and martins, which had come there for shelter and died. Dead swallows, tits, and whitethroats lay about the paths and the head keeper had just picked up *four hundred dead pheasant poults* out of a thousand on his rearing field. Even the turkeys had cramp, and some could not walk. As for the partridges, every nest and egg was deserted, many washed away, and the old birds were seen in pairs disconsolately wandering about on any open and dry ground they could find. Almost the whole Thames watershed suffered in this way, and there are tens of thousands of acres, in every district of 'heavy' land, where there cannot be partridge shooting for years to come, unless the birds can be procured from elsewhere, or reared artificially from purchased eggs.

If the scarcity had been one of pheasants, there would have been no difficulty in procuring any quantity of eggs, because they lay freely in captivity, and the game farms produce eggs for lawful sale by hundreds of thousands. But until 1902 it was a matter of almost general belief that partridges could not be induced to do so. The partridge, among other excellent qualities, is the husband of one wife, whereas the pheasant, at least in England, where the practice is always to leave far more hens than cocks, is a polygamist. He leaves all the work to the hen birds, whereas the cock partridge takes an active part in caring for the brood.

Buying partridges' eggs taken in England is merely encourage-

ment of egg-stealing. There is no legitimate source of supply except on a very small scale. In ordinary seasons, the demand both for eggs and adult partridges is supplied in a measure by importations from Hungary.

Probably many purchasers have entertained suspicions as to the manner in which these 'Hungarian' eggs and birds are come by, except in the case of one well-known importer who owns an Hungarian estate. But an excellent chapter on Hungarian partridge shooting, by Captain C. E. Ratclyffe, in the recently published 'Country Life' volumes on *Shooting*, explains these doubts in a great measure. 'The average head of game is positively bewildering,' he wrote, 'even to those who are accustomed to the best estates in the Eastern Counties of England. . . . The land is so fertile and rich in natural food that it is not difficult to see in the autumn how it is possible for it to carry such an immense head of game as it does. But the natural question which strikes the mind of a stranger is how do all these partridges live in the severe winters when the ground is often a long while under deep snow? The answer is that in such cases vast quantities of wheat are strewn about by the keepers for the benefit of the partridges.' The estates are also very large. As described by Captain Ratclyffe, that of Count Karolyi at Tot Meyger covers 60,000 acres. Only a part of this is shot by the owner in the season. Consequently both there and elsewhere there is evidently a great surplus, both of birds and eggs, if the owners choose to sell either or both. The numbers of the birds can be judged from a bag made in 1901 at Tot Meyger, where five days' partridge shooting in September, and another few days in October, in which hare driving occupied part of the time, yielded more than six thousand partridges!

The disadvantage of buying Hungarian birds is that when turned out they run the same risks of losing their brood in a wet season as do the English birds. If only eggs are bought these have to be hatched by hens, which are bad mothers to young partridges, and the chicks which survive are brought up in the coops, and when turned out 'pack,' instead of living in coveys. But the main objection is the lowness of the percentage of eggs represented by surviving partridges.

Contrast with this the objects and method of the French rearer. Briefly, he catches up (or buys) old partridges in December. He places them all together, and lets them pair in the

spring. He provides separate quarters for the pairs to nest in, lets the hens sit and hatch, and when the brood is a few days old liberates both old birds with the chicks, and these at once resume their natural life. The advantages are that both the old birds, sitting bird, and eggs are safe from vermin, and in a large degree from the weather (if the pens are well situated and well made). Almost all the eggs hatch, and the nests can be made up to any reasonable number either by slipping eggs under the hen partridges or having eggs ready in incubators, that the chicks may be added to the brood. Lastly, there is no trouble in *rearing* (the great difficulty with little partridges, which in the first three weeks live almost entirely on insect food), because the old birds rear them naturally.

The system is simplicity itself. A large central pen is made, with small pens at the sides, communicating by 'drop' doors. The best simile is that of a London square, with the houses all round it. The square itself is the home of the old partridges, which live there, and if frequently interviewed grow very tame, from the middle of December till the beginning of March, or later, according to the season. It should be mentioned that clips made of india-rubber and leather are placed on one wing of each bird. They then begin to pair naturally, and as each couple makes a match it naturally draws away into one of the side pens. Here the hen lays and sits, while the cock keeps guard, and is often ridiculously tame, running up to the netting and pecking at anyone who touches it.

When pairing time comes on the keeper watches the courting and engagement of his couples with considerable anxiety. There are always some half dozen couples who are coy and coquettish, and these give him acute anxiety. His side pens are like the different numbers in a new block of flats, just ready for occupation. Great is his joy when he can slip down the doors of a newly occupied one, and metaphorically write up 'LET' in the windows. But meantime there are other eligible flats still vacant, while the prospective occupants are merely flirting, chopping and changing, or even quarrelling in the little park outside. There is not the slightest excuse for them, with furnished quarters, water laid on, meals provided gratis to lighten the cares of housekeeping, and such good examples actually in sight. So he sets to work at 'matchmaking' with benevolent watchfulness. If he can only be fairly certain of the inclination of the parties he can

hurry matters on. On the other hand, if he is too precipitate he ruins all. Identification is the main difficulty, and to effect this he borrows a hint from the Chinese. In a Chinese village, where the broods of chickens are allowed to run at large on the communal rubbish-heap, there is always a danger that the hens who are the best 'callers' will accumulate most chickens. 'Calling,' it should be remarked, means 'clucking,' which again is equivalent to the dinner-bell and is so understood by chicks. If three hens start equal, as regards families, the chances are that the best 'caller' will annex a large part of the broods of others. This form of accumulating other folks' children raises a serious question in the village economy of China, one which may date from the era before the discovery of roast pig by Ho-ti, when Peking was an insignificant assize town. The difficulty was solved by dyeing, or dipping the broods of chickens, so that each assumed a family colour or livery. At the present day, the broods hatched on the premises of Mrs. Ho-ti, or Ah Sin, are dyed magenta or green, as the case may be, while those of other householders are yellow, orange, or blue. Our French neighbours have adopted the system at an earlier stage. They mark with distinctive colours, not the offspring, but the prospective parents. Red, green, blue, mauve, orange, or other distinguishing colours are tied round their legs as garters; and if it is noticed that the wearer of a green garter is inclined to be *épris* of a bird with an orange badge, or pink is seen to be more than usually attentive to green or blue, the keeper catches the couple with a landing-net, and sets them up with a home according to his discretion. As a rule his selection is justified. But if there is any decided incompatibility of temper the union is dissolved, and the remaining couples 'pooled' to come to wiser conclusions in general society. There seems to be scope in the method for far wider experiments. The theory of sexual selection might be tried in case of obstinate hen partridges. An ineligible male bird might be supplied with something more attractive than a red garter. He might have his flight feathers dipped in cochineal. But there is no knowing how the bird might take it. Like Captain Brooks, who said of his frigate the *Shannon*, 'that she was always an unassuming ship,' they may dislike display.

At Sandricourt, the estate of the Marquis de Beauvoir, the furnishing of the married quarters is elaborate. They are spacious enough, 12 yards by 8, and from 4½ to 5½ feet high, as

the builder prefers; the latter allows more room for the keeper to enter comfortably. One end is previously dug over, or even ploughed across and harrowed, the plan being so arranged that the plough and harrow can be drawn from end to end before the pens are put up. This is sown with wheat, which grows up just as the birds are nesting, and provides shelter, and green blades for them to peck, and attracts insects. There is always a pan of clean water, a heap of dry wood ashes to dust in, another and larger heap of old dry farmyard manure for them to scratch in, and some fir boughs placed ridgeways for them to creep under if it rains hard. When the hen seems inclined to make a nest, a few handfuls of hay and straw are put in the pen. Her first eggs may be scattered about. These are picked up with a small green gauze butterfly net. In the main pen other eggs will be dropped, which are also picked up and saved for use later. Some of these are put under the hen partridge when she has been sitting for two days or three days if she seems restless, having been previously placed in an incubator for as long as she has been sitting, that the whole batch may hatch out simultaneously. Another plan is to keep them in the incubator, and add them to the brood when the partridge has hatched her own eggs. The number of eggs which a hen partridge can cover successfully is twenty-two. The birds begin to sit, as a rule, about the beginning of May in France, but in England usually at least three weeks later. Three days after the chicks are hatched, the 'brails' are taken off the wings of the old birds, and they and the brood, augmented by chicks from the incubators, are turned out into the cornfields near. A writer in *Country Life* says:

The following figures show the wonderful success obtained on the estate of the Marquis de Beauvoir at Sandricourt from thirty-five pens. The result is quite extraordinary, even though possibly the season was exceptionally good:

Number of pens	35
Pens with no nest	1
Nests laid in, but no hatch	3
Successful pens	32
Pens with 100 per cent. fertile eggs	10
Best pen (22 eggs) hatched	21
Worst pen (10 eggs) hatched	3
Young birds hatched in pens	406
Young birds added	234
Coveys of 20 turned out in a week (with old birds)	704

The 'added' birds are explained in this way: The old partridges being far better mothers and guardians than hens, every covey is made up to twenty by

adding young birds just hatched under hens or in incubators. By the latter plan the time at which they will hatch can be fixed exactly, in reference to the day on which the different hen partridges begin to sit, so that their real and foster broods can all start fair.

That the system could be used with advantage here is certain. In one case seventy coveys were turned loose from eighty pairs of birds. But it will probably be well to try the experiment on a modest scale first. So much depends on detail that until those who try the method this season have had time to compare notes it would be well not to incur the expense of setting up a large number of pens. In one case last year the owner left the tops of the pens open, thinking that as his birds' wings were brailed no harm would come of it. A fox got in, and killed some dozen birds!

There is a further advantage in applying the French method, that is for those who are fond of natural history. For months they possess a remarkably interesting aviary. Partridges are among the prettiest and most interesting of birds, very intelligent, bold, and beautifully marked. Many readers will be inclined to differ from the idea that the birds must be prevented from seeing strangers. When they have paired there is no doubt that the quieter they are kept the better it is for the sitting hen. But before that it is just as well to accustom them to see strangers and people about them. Partridges, like grouse, grow amazingly tame and 'cheeky' in confinement. In India they are regularly kept as pets, and there is no reason, except for the ubiquitous and cruel cat, why they should not be so kept here. At the Hague some partridges were kept at the Zoo in a pen adjoining the path. The cock bird would crow defiance at anyone who came near, and rush up and try to peck a boot or stick placed against the netting. After the experiments made in England this summer, it will be possible to speak more confidently as to the chances of success in England.

C. J. CORNISH.

LORD ROWTON AND ROWTON HOUSES.

It has been thought by friends of the late Lord Rowton that it would be a matter of general interest to have some record of the initiation of the remarkably successful philanthropic enterprise now known as Rowton Houses Ltd. As the active coadjutor of Lord Rowton in this work, I have been asked to supply such details as I can in connection with the movement.

About fourteen years ago Sir Edward Guinness (now Lord Iveagh) asked his friend, Lord Rowton, to advise and help him in the formation of the then projected Guinness Trust. This Trust had for its object the provision, in London and Dublin, on a large scale, of dwellings for the artisan class at, if possible, lower rates than those generally charged. In order to inform themselves as to the rents charged and the accommodation then available, and to become conversant with the general conditions of the life of the working people of London earning a minimum wage, they made exhaustive inquiries in the East End of London. Common lodging-houses of all classes came under their notice.

The dirty and crowded sleeping-rooms, the miserable arrangements for washing and sanitation, the dark, unhealthy kitchens, usually underground, and the general air of squalor so impressed Lord Rowton, that he began to consider whether it was not possible to devise some means for their amelioration. Something better than the common lodging-house was urgently needed by those men who could not occupy the rooms which were to be provided by the Guinness Trust or had been provided by other institutions. On talking over the matter one day with his cousin, Mr. Cecil Ashley, one of the sons of the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Ashley, who is one of my colleagues upon the Board of The Artisans Dwellings Company, suggested that Lord Rowton should consult me on the subject. Lord Rowton therefore called upon me and told me of his anxiety to do something for the improvement of the conditions of the common lodging-houses. Although the matter had been uppermost in his mind for a long time, he had so far been unable to devise any scheme for the purpose. Some time previously I had refused the chairmanship of a proposed public company for the very purpose of building improved lodging-

houses, on the score that the matter was not one for which the public could be asked to subscribe the capital, since there did not appear to be any prospect of financial success. I mentioned this fact to Lord Rowton, and pointed out that the subject which interested him was one about which very little was known, that the existing conditions of building were onerous and expensive, and that a building, if put up, would have to be specially designed and constructed. Moreover, it would be very doubtful whether such a building could be utilised for any other purpose should the project be a failure. In fact, success would be impossible unless the scheme were carried out on a large scale so as to diminish the expenses of administration in proportion to the income which might be obtained from a charge to the lodgers of 6*d.* a night. A large sum of money would therefore have to be provided for the carrying-out of a pure experiment.

Although at first somewhat despondent, Lord Rowton would not give the matter up, and the lodging-house question was a frequent subject of our conversation during many conferences which we had in connection with the Guinness Trust. One day, in reply to a question from him as to the cost of such an undertaking, I told him that, provided a suitable site could be found, a lodging-house, such as we had conceived, would cost something between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.* After some consideration Lord Rowton said, 'I should not mind that.' I then said, 'Very well; will you find all the money?' 'Yes,' he replied, and I then said, 'I will do the best I can to help you carry out the scheme.'

We thereupon set to work in earnest. A site was secured at Bond Street, Vauxhall, and detailed plans of the building were prepared by Messrs. Beeston and Burmester. Throughout, Lord Rowton took the keenest interest in every detail. In working out the scheme, the difficulties which we had to encounter were very numerous from the fact that there was no previous undertaking of the kind to guide us in any way. As an example I may mention one instance. In order to make the building as economical as possible, we decided to do without a basement. After the walls had been built as high as the ceiling of the ground floor, we found that it was absolutely necessary to have a basement; so the internal walls were all pulled down and we started again. During the progress of the building our views as to our ultimate aims changed considerably. We had started with the idea of improving the common lodging-houses of London; as the building grew we came

to the conclusion that what was wanted was an entirely new class of accommodation—namely, a cheap hotel, where the poorer class of working man could live and enjoy every possible convenience, with separate bedroom accommodation for each man and comfortable rooms for eating and recreation.

At the very outset I had told Lord Rowton that it was impossible to have a definite contract for the building, since we did not know what we wanted, and it was certain that considerable alterations would have to be made in our plans as the building went up. I therefore suggested that, as I was Chairman of a company which carried out large building works on its own account, I should put up a building as one of our own, charging him the exact net cost with an additional five per cent. as profit, to enable me to justify myself with my shareholders for allowing work to be done with their staff outside their own operations. He agreed to this proposal, and without any contract he handed to me as it was wanted the 30,000*l.* which was the ultimate cost of the Vauxhall land and building. I mention this fact, as it is a remarkable instance of the devotion of a man to his idea and a singular proof of his resolve to see his scheme thoroughly carried out.

In this our first house we provided a few rooms in which several beds could be put, so as to enable men who were associated in their work to sleep together. When the house was opened, however, it was soon found that these rooms were not so popular as the separate cubicles, and we had therefore to alter the arrangement and have separate cubicles entirely. In order to determine the best construction of our cubicle, a model cubicle was erected at the works, and Lord Rowton brought a number of his lady friends to advise him on the subject of furniture, and even took one of the bedsteads to sleep on at his house in Berkeley Square before finally deciding as to their exact dimensions. Every cubicle had its own window under the control of the occupant. The size of the sheets, blankets, etc., were decided by Lord Rowton, after long discussion with Lady Farrant, and have not since been altered. No detail was too small for Lord Rowton to attend to personally, and very little escaped his notice; the exact size, shape, and position of the tables and chairs in the dining-room and the best possible material for their construction were only decided after mature deliberation and careful selection from various patterns.

We decided to have a library, and in connection with it we had a somewhat remarkable experience. We placed implicit

trust in our men, and the bookshelves were arranged so that a man could take any book he wanted, being expected to place it back upon the shelves immediately he had done with it. The result was that every book disappeared. This was due, no doubt, to a very small number of dishonest men. Since then we have had the library books kept in lock-up glazed bookcases, and they are given out by a clerk who acts as a librarian.

We found that the arrangements in common lodging-houses in London for cleanliness were miserable. We decided to have complete lavatories fitted up, with hot and cold water to each basin. The little detail as to the space it was necessary to have between each basin was one Lord Rowton took great interest in. I remember four of us standing in a row, spreading our arms out, and measuring the amount of room required to allow ample to each. We had then to decide what the man was to do with his coat whilst he was washing his hands, because in the earlier days a man had to keep close watch upon his possessions. The difficulty was met by fixing hat and coat rails high up in front of each basin, so that a man could be sure that nothing was taken from his pockets whilst he was engaged at the basin. We originally supplied soap for the men's use, but the consumption was so abnormal that we had to discontinue it. Each man provides his own soap now, and keeps it in his locker. Then, for the very poor man, the man who had no change of clothes, we fitted up a laundry with hot and cold water to each washing tray, and in this laundry we put a large stove of special make with fixed drying horses round it, so that a man who had only one shirt could wash and dry it whilst waiting. Men who could afford to pay for their laundry work employed a man to do it for them, we providing all the facilities for such work. The large stove served another purpose—it enabled the man who had been at work all day in the rain, after he had come in and changed his clothes in the dressing-room provided, to dry his wet garments in a very short time.

The provision of the permanent staff at first gave us much trouble, notwithstanding the fact that we had taken great care in the selection of the men and in training them for their duties. It turned out that the staff with which we opened the house were quite unfitted for the work. The superintendent was not satisfied with some detail regarding his own quarters and gave a week's notice to leave on the day that the house was opened. The engineer who had charge of all the hot water arrangements left without

notice. The porters, engaged from benevolent motives and upon the strength of their chest measurements, came and went as they liked. The number of the residents increased very rapidly, but, from an administrative point of view, all was chaos. Poor Lord Rowton was in despair. His idea had been successfully developed, and now it looked as if it would fail on account of the management difficulty only. I pointed out to Lord Rowton that our difficulties were mainly of our own making. Although we could not efficiently control the internal economy of the house, we had practically taken the control into our own hands. I suggested, therefore, that we should endeavour to find a superintendent who had had experience in dealing with men and should give him sole control of the staff, allowing him to engage or dismiss them at his discretion without reference to the directors. Although this plan seemed at first to kind-hearted Lord Rowton to be administrative tyranny, he was finally convinced, and, looking round among his friends for assistance in the matter, he was advised to try a sergeant-major or quartermaster-sergeant, preferably from a cavalry regiment, as men of this class are used to controlling a large body of men. The result was entirely satisfactory, and since that time the responsible superintendent at each of the Rowton houses has been a non-commissioned officer. He receives his detailed instructions from the directors; he has sole control of the house under his charge, and is held responsible for its proper administration. Each superintendent engages nearly the entire staff, often choosing old comrades from his own regiment, with satisfactory results alike to discipline and efficiency in management.

The Vauxhall Rowton House was opened on December 31, 1892. It contained 470 cubicles, subsequently increased to 484. Within a short time of the opening of the house it was practically filled, and the experiment turned out a complete success—it proved, in fact, to be a thoroughly useful undertaking, and consequently one that should be developed. Lord Rowton and I had very frequent conferences as to what character the development should take. Ultimately I convinced him that we should be justified in forming a Joint Stock Company for the purpose of building other houses, as it was certain that a reasonable dividend could be paid upon the capital subscribed by the public.

The question then arose as to the name of the company. Lord Rowton had many ideas, such as 'The Workman's Hotel Com-

pany,' and many other titles. When I suggested 'Rowton Houses Ltd.' he emphatically refused. I pointed out to him, however, that the scheme owed its existence to him, that he had been the means by which it had been carried out, and that the adoption of such a title by the company would prevent any confusion arising from other schemes for the housing of the working classes. At last he reluctantly gave his consent, and on May 8, 1894, a prospectus of Rowton Houses Ltd. was issued. The capital was 75,000*l.*, of which shares to the value of 30,000*l.* were allotted to Lord Rowton in return for the money he had spent upon the house at Vauxhall. Lord Rowton was appointed Chairman of the company, the other directors being Mr. Cecil Ashley, Mr. Walter Long, and myself. Later, when Mr. Long, on accepting office under the Government, was obliged to resign his seat on the Board, Mr. W. Morris, jun., was elected in his place.

Since that time the work of the company has steadily increased. On February 1, 1896, the second Rowton House was opened in Calthorpe Street, King's Cross Road, with accommodation for 679 residents. In May 1896 a third house, with 804 cubicles, was commenced at Newington Butts, and was opened on December 23, 1897. This has been subsequently added to, so that it now accommodates 1,015 residents. A fourth house, at Hammer-smith, was opened on December 2, 1899, and the fifth house, with 816 cubicles, in August 1902, in Fieldgate Street, White-chapel. The sixth house, which is now in course of erection at Arlington Road, Park Street, Camden Town, near the well-known Britannia public house, will contain about 1,150 cubicles. One of the last acts in Lord Rowton's life was to attend a meeting of the directors at which the plans of this house were approved.

Besides these houses, advantage was taken of the acquisition of additional land at Newington Butts to build a steam laundry, capable of doing all the washing of the present Rowton Houses and suitable for considerable extension as the number of the houses increases.

One of the main difficulties we have had to contend with in the extension of the work of Rowton Houses has been the acquisition of suitable sites at the moderate rentals which it is possible for a company of this description to pay without raising the price charged for each bed. Lord Rowton often wished that the great ground landlords could be made to understand the part played by Rowton Houses Ltd. and their importance to the community.

If the ground landlords of London co-operated with the company in providing sites for new houses, they would enable this work to be still further developed.

It must be remembered that Lord Rowton's intention, in the first place, was simply to meet, out of his own pocket, a great public want, and that he risked his 30,000*l.* with this idea. It was only when the successful result of his benevolent enterprise appeared, that the idea of converting it into a commercial undertaking was entertained, and this I consider to be the great merit of the scheme. Lord Rowton showed by his own courage and benevolence that it is possible to provide cheap hotel accommodation for the very poor man, and that such accommodation can be the object of a successful commercial enterprise. Every man who comes to a Rowton House is impressed with the fact that he can there obtain better value and more comfort than he can get anywhere else. He finds that the conditions under which he lives are improved, and that he has congenial surroundings and associates. All the resources of civilisation he can have—bright, warm, comfortable rooms, lavatories with basins supplied with hot and cold water, foot baths, without extra payment, and a full length bath with soap and towels for the nominal charge of one penny. A man can do his own laundry work if he so wishes. He can use any of the reading, smoking, or writing-rooms, and, above all, he has absolute freedom as regards his mode of living. Although the Rowton House scheme provides a complete restaurant where food of all kinds can be procured at exceptionally low prices—probably cheaper than at any other place in London—at the same time no resident is obliged to purchase any of the commodities supplied by the company. Residents can, if they choose, buy everything they want outside the building, whilst inside the Rowton Houses they will find provided for them, without charge, every cooking utensil necessary, with cutlery, crockery, etc., without limit. A constant supply of boiling water is at hand, and good fires and cooking ranges are kept going at all times. A specially arranged scullery, fitted with white glazed sinks, with supplies of hot and cold water, is provided, so that any man desirous of preparing his own food can do so without any supervision or any interference from his fellows.

The residents at the Rowton Houses are of varied description. There are a certain number of the artisan class—bricklayers, carpenters, etc.—who are in regular employment

and who prefer the surroundings of a Rowton House to any other. There are men also of this class who are not regularly engaged, and who, for economical reasons, live in a Rowton House. Many men, also, who are not skilled artisans but who are in regular employment; men without any fixed trade but employed in shops and large warehouses as porters and clerks; men employed in the city as clerks; carmen, supers at the West End theatres, all come together in the Rowton Houses, and are very glad to have, and highly appreciate, the accommodation provided. In addition to these there are a certain number of men who cannot be put into any class; some of these are very poor. In addition to the men who regularly do some work, there is what may be called the residue of the unfit—men who have never done any regular work; men who, either through misfortune or fault of their own, have lost their position and have drifted down—educated men some of them—living by their wits or upon slender allowances from unwilling relatives. All appreciate the comfort they can have and the economical manner in which they can live at the Rowton Houses.

In the first instance, we were told that it was necessary to provide for day sleepers, as a certain number of men are employed during the night and can only obtain rest during the day. We therefore provided a certain number of cubicles for this class of men, but had soon to abandon the arrangement. Some time after the opening of the King's Cross house we decided to have a fire drill, so one afternoon the whole of the hose cupboards were opened, when it was found that the copper couplings and nozzles had all disappeared. That decided the question of day sleepers.

Naturally the later houses, though not differing essentially from the first house, were materially improved in the administrative departments as the result of our experience in the erection of the Vauxhall house. All the later houses have been built to the design of Mr. H. B. Measures. No better testimony to the efficiency of their arrangements can be given than the fact that the London County Council has quite recently opened at Deptford a house which was described as a 'Rowton House' although they named it 'The Carrington House.'

One of Lord Rowton's interesting characteristics was his desire to obtain information from every source, and during the inception of his scheme it was his habit to ask everybody whom he met for advice as to details. Some of his advisers very constantly

supplied him with estimates of income and expenditure. He generally brought these estimates to me. I told him they were quite useless; that we knew very well what our income would be, and that we could not know what our expenditure would be, as we had absolutely no guidance by which an estimate could be made. I told him that it was little use troubling about estimates; that the building was nearly completed and his money expended. If the house was wanted it would be a success and pay, if it was not wanted it would not pay. All that we could do was to take every care and to manage the business as economically as possible. But we were impressed with the fact all the time that the scheme might be a failure, and the first building was designed in such a way that, if we did fail, it could be utilised for a warehouse or factory. This is, perhaps, one reason why it is not so perfect in its administrative arrangements as the later houses.

Lord Rowton's almost affectionate interest in every detail led him to spend much time in the inspection of the various houses. I remember on one occasion, at the King's Cross house, that we had been hanging pictures all the morning and wanted to finish that afternoon, so we went to a public house in the neighbourhood for some lunch. We found the place very busy, but were able to get some bread and cheese. The barmaid was very talkative and had much to say about the large Rowton House that was to be opened in a day or two. 'Have you seen it?' she asked. 'Yes,' I replied. Then she launched forth in loud praises of Lord Rowton.

'This is Lord Rowton,' I said, pointing to him. 'Get out,' she exclaimed with great disgust, and then went on with her work, casting a glance our way from time to time, much to the amusement of Lord Rowton.

The arrangement with the building company for the construction of the Vauxhall house was so satisfactory that it was continued for the King's Cross house. Then Rowton Houses Ltd. acquired the wharf, works, stock, and complete equipment of the building company, and since then has carried on all its own building operations, entirely under its own management. In every way this has been of advantage to the enterprise. The Rowton Houses are a credit to London in appearance, and they have withstood in every way the criticism of experts in the building trade. In fact, I doubt whether buildings of equal character could have been put up in such a satisfactory manner under any other system.

At the present time the capital of the company expended

in its five houses amounts to about 300,000*l.* The gross income amounts to over 1,000*l.* a week—about 700*l.* from beds and 300*l.* from the catering department. From the catering there is practically no profit, but the net income arising from the beds is sufficient to pay the dividend. More than this is not required by the directors, and they are able, therefore, to supply the residents with food at about cost price.

From almost every capital in Europe inquiries have been made as to the Rowton House scheme. Many of the large provincial towns have houses more or less after the design of the London houses, and in Birmingham a company has been formed called 'The Birmingham Rowton Houses Ltd.,' which is building a Rowton House from the designs of Mr. Harry B. Measures.

The recent lamentable death of Lord Rowton will in no way imperil the success of the company. His frequent illnesses and consequent long absences from London rendered it impossible for him to assume administrative control. His colleagues on the Board will miss his kindly sympathy and cordial co-operation; the residents at the Rowton Houses will regret the absences of his visits and interest in their welfare; but the working and progress of the company will continue exactly as they have done. His colleagues have undiminished faith in the enterprise, and will endeavour to make Rowton Houses an institution which will be the greatest and most enduring memorial of one of the best men of our time.

RICHARD FARRANT.

MY PRINCESS: A MEDLEY.

*Princess, come tell me, how wouldst thou be wooed ?
As Paris, Paolo, or Petruchio sued ?
Blank verse or lyrics ? Of a thousand types
Call you the measure, and your servant pipes.*

*First your swain will breathe an
Ode Elizabethan.*

When I haue gazed (chearefull maugre chiding)
An *Adam* on the *Eden* in thy Face,
Thow stil hast chastis'd me, thy bright Eies hiding
With azure-vained *Iuorie's*-disgrace,
Slicke-slender Fingers, deintie Palme,
Distilling nect'rous honie-*Balme* :
But, if thy *Dian* stil thow loue,
Doe not thyne hand remoue ;
Else shal the Fire resplendent in mine eie
That snowie Fastnes, thy faire Bosom, thaw,
And *Cupid* (*Venus' Wagg*) my Pow'r enuie,
To find thee secure from his *Archer's*-lawe.

*Stay, are you Scotch ? My Muse returns
To bonnie braes and Robbie Burns.*

Jean Hamilton, my jo, Jean,
Before we were acquent,
Wi' roistering and hirpling
About the toun I went ;
I walked wi' Jill and Janet,
And kissed 'em at my will,—
I dried nae dule at a' then,
Philandering my fill !

MY PRINCESS: A MEDLEY

*Would you have me make the match
As they made them on the Border?
With my usual despatch
Thus I execute the order:—*

He came to the door, and tirl'd at the pin
(Blithe blinks in a braw blue ee);
He courted her butt, he courted her ben
(And the mavis sings sae rarely).

'O will ye be stickt wi' my wee penknife
(Blithe blinks in a braw blue ee),
Or will ye be my bonnie wife?'
(And the mavis sings sae rarely.)

'I will not be stickt wi' your wee penknife
(Blithe blinks in a braw blue ee),
But I'll luv' ye dearly all my life.'
(And the mavis sings sae rarely.)

He loup on his steed, and carried her hame
(Blithe blinks in a braw blue ee),
But aye she grat for her Sweet William
(And the mavis sings sae rarely).

*Nay, 'tis too rough in rhymes and reasons;
Let's try the style of Thomson's 'Seasons.'*

What time Amanda on my dubious hopes
And bashful coy desires prelusive glanc'd,
The Sagittarius of love's zodiac,
The mutual flame, if mutual, she conceal'd,
Ingenuous, deep within her guileless breast:
Yet from her eye, presaging confidence,
A beam emergent her disordered cheek
Mantled, with rosy modesty suffus'd.
There stood the oriflamme that thrill'd the swain
Harmonious, and a pensive anguish surg'd
With love's amusive delicacy mixt.

*Once more into the breach, and I will woo
As one who knows the Drama's latest rage,
And emulate the style of writers who
Have given fillips to our British Stage.*

. . . In
This verdurous murmurous garden stammer it out—
What is your starry and euphonious name ?
O you are what the beccafico sings
Into the flushed ear of the roses, quite ;
O perilous thief of dreams, immured beside
The wantoning landward-lurching wash of the wave,
When the tide turns, and when the sole goes home :
Your face leans out at midnight, stung with smiles,
Visible inspiration with pink cheeks !
Tangible phenomenon with flaxen hair !
O and that pinker pink, that flax more flaxen !

F. S.

A TALE OF JAPAN.¹

THIS is the story of Kato Motomachi, a maker of porcelain, in the province of Owari, in the country of Japan, over two hundred years ago. He was young and handsome, strong, and well skilled in the use of the dagger, and the most apt of all the pupils of his great master, Tsugane Bunzaemon, famous above all potters for the skill and delicacy with which he blent his colours.

Tsugane's kiln stood a little back from the road on which his shop fronted, the road that ran in curves among the hills to the great neighbouring town of Osaka. Along this road would come from time to time men, singly or in bodies, peasants, wandering Samurai or knights, great lords with their retainers, Ronins or masterless men, and singing girls, going to or coming from the great city. One and all would stop at Tsugane's shop to look, to praise, or to buy; for his skill was known far and wide, and in that day and in that land such skill was honoured by all classes alike.

Once in every month Kato would start for the great market in Osaka with rare specimens of his master's art, and, in latter times, of his own. These he would sell to the nobles, and return with his pockets well filled and with the praises of the connoisseurs in his mind; for Tsugane was jealous of his reputation, and would ask of him what such a one had said, or what this other had thought of this piece and of that piece, and hearing, he would break forth into little fits of cackling laughter which told how the praise had gone home.

It was after one of these monthly expeditions that Tsugane, looking from his shop front, saw Kato returning with a face full of gloom. He came on along the road in silence, and prostrated himself before his master.

'What is this, Kato?' said Tsugane; 'did you not show my piece to my lord Asami?'

'I showed your work to the most honourable lord,' replied Kato rising.

'And what said he?'

'That he could show me a better,' said Kato gloomily.

His master's forehead wrinkled into a frown. 'A better!' he repeated, thinking deeply. 'That may hardly be in this pro-

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vince. Am I not the first artist in Owari? His lordship must have jested with you.'

'It was no jest,' answered Kato. 'With these eyes I saw the piece.'

Tsugane looked at him with a piercing glance. 'And it was——?' he said.

'Judge for yourself,' said Kato sullenly. He drew from the folds of his kimono a small vase. 'His lordship will have it sent for to-morrow.'

The elder man took the vase and his forehead drew into a deeper frown. He turned it round and round with a gradually whitening face. At last he put it down. 'It is better!' he said slowly.

The two men stared at each other. The blow was a bitter one. To the elder, his life's work seemed to fall away from him suddenly, leaving only the memory of a succession of wasted years. To the younger, his master, a hero, appeared suddenly to have fallen from his pedestal. His idol was shattered. So keen was the appreciation of these two, of the art at which they wrought, so reverent the spirit in which they worked at it, that it seemed it had been better never to have touched it at all if they were not to excel all others.

Tsugane was the first to break the silence. 'This was not made in this province,' he said, 'the glaze is unknown here.'

'What is to be done?' asked his pupil.

'I am old,' said his master, 'and can do little. But you, my pupil, my adopted son, whom I love more dearly than I could a son of mine own, you can do much. Go! Search the whole land until you find where this piece was made. I will provide money for your journey. When you find the place, you must learn the secret. Bring it back with you.'

'If I do not,' answered the other, 'I will never come back.'

'Look well at the piece then,' said Tsugane. 'You will know the work again?'

'Know it!' exclaimed the other fiercely. He stopped, overcome with his emotions.

'That is well,' said his master gravely. He rose and led the way into an inner room. Here from a box he drew forth a rich garment with the two swords, long and short, of the Samurai. From another part of the room he took a bag of money which he handed silently to Kato. 'Go, my son,' he said; 'the search may

indeed be long, but in the end you must succeed. Once in three years send me word of your doings, that I may know if you are still alive. Should I die, you must continue the search. Never know rest until you have found it.'

The sun was setting as Kato took the road. He went eastwards to Osaka, with his shadow before him. Tsugane watched from his door the retreating figure until it was out of sight. Then he turned and went in with a certain loneliness knocking at his heart.

Kato took his way first into the city to the house of the Daimyo, Asama Takami, where he had seen the piece. Here he obtained an audience, but no information. His lordship could tell him nothing save that the vase had been brought in by a merchant from the north. In pursuance of this clue, he went northwards by the eastern coast as far as Sendai, where the lord of that place held the country against the fierce Ainus of the lands beyond. It was in November that he began his search. The chrysanthemums were in flower, and the maples had turned the woods a rich brown. As he went northward it grew colder, and when he had passed Sendai, and was making for the west coast, snow fell heavily, and he had more than once almost lost his life among the drifts on the mountains. Still he struggled on, never neglecting his search. Wherever he heard of a kiln he would turn aside to speak with its owner, and his knowledge of the craft served him in good stead in his judicious praises of their work. He saw much to admire, something to deprecate; but never anything like that he had left behind him. So he came downwards along the coast to Kaga, justly famed for its ware. And here he hoped much, but was again doomed to disappointment.

Winter had passed into spring, and the land was pink with the cherry blossoms when he came to Karatsu facing the sea on the Southern Island. The morning was pleasant and the sun shone brightly. He came over the crest of the hill and the village lay before him, its houses scattered along both sides of a valley, the lower end of which permitted a glimpse of the sea.

Kato was both tired and dusty. To his left he observed a pool of water surrounded by trees about fifty yards from the road. He went towards it, and taking off his clothes, plunged in, cooling and refreshing himself. While thus engaged he heard the sound of girls' voices, and their laughter was so pleasant that he deter-

mined to go in search of them. So again putting on his kimono, he followed the direction from which the sound had come, and pushing his way through the trees, came to a little clearing in which a group of girls were celebrating the feast of the cherry blossom.

These stopped and looked at him curiously. He returned their glances, and his eyes wandered over the group until they were arrested by one of whom he thought that he had never seen anyone more beautiful. Her face was a perfect oval, her nose small and straight, her hair of the most beautiful black, and piled on her head with wonderful art. She seemed about fifteen years old, and was as slender as a young lily. For the first time since his setting out, Kato's thoughts wandered from his search. He thought that here was a place in which a man might settle and marry and have children, and here was a wife who would love him and do his bidding in all things; and the thought pleased him well.

'Your most honourable father's name?' he asked.

'My father's name is Kira Tamori,' she answered, 'a maker of porcelain in the village yonder.'

At this, Kato's heart leaped up suddenly. 'I am a Ronin,' he said, 'a wandering knight, a wave man. Yet I know something of the art of porcelain making, and would fain confer with your father upon his art.'

'You will find his house in the village,' she answered with a bow. 'It is the last before you cross the stream. My father will be much honoured by the visit of the noble Samurai to his dwelling.'

'I will see your father,' returned Kato boldly, for he felt it becoming to speak as one of importance in the presence of the girl; 'and it may be that I will send the nakoda [the marriage maker] to his house.'

The girl blushed at this and made him a low bow. 'I am called O Haru,' she said, 'and if it be pleasing to my honourable parents, it will be pleasing to me.'

'That is well, O Haru,' Kato answered, 'for a dutiful daughter makes a dutiful wife.'

He turned as he spoke, and left them, walking very proudly with his hand on his sword. Love had come to him after its fashion, suddenly and overbearingly, and the girl's slight figure dwelt in his mind. Thinking of her he strode along quickly, and was soon in the village.

He came at last to the shop of Kira Tamori, and beheld him

sitting at its door. To him he made a low reverence. The tradesman, flattered at such courtesy from one of the military class, returned his bow and asked what he could do for the noble stranger.

'I am a stranger in these parts,' said Kato, 'a Ronin, seeking service. And I beg that you will tell me where in this village I may find a lodging.'

'If you will so far honour me,' the other replied, 'my humble house is at your service.'

Kato made a suitable reply, accepting the hospitality offered him. He glanced greedily at the porcelain exposed for sale, but soon detected that it was of an inferior quality. Had he remained faithful to his trust he would have gone on to another place in his search; but in watching O Haru, he forgot the duty he owed to his master. The girl's ways were a delight to behold. She moved about the house so swiftly, and with so much industry, she paid so much respect to her parents, she showed such reverence for the gods, and withal, she attended so well to the wants of the guest, that Kato's heart quite melted before so many charms. He saw that here was the one wife for him; and as he had said, he sent the nakoda to speak with her parents.

So they were married. Presents were exchanged, a lucky day was chosen, the bride was dressed in corpse-like white to show that henceforth she died to her own family, and was led in state to her husband's house. In Kira's house the fires of purification were lighted, as was fitting when a dead body—or a bride—had left it.

For three years Kato lived with O Haru in the utmost happiness. In that time two children were born to them, the eldest of whom was a boy, to the great joy of his parents. The second, indeed, was but a girl, a matter of great sorrow to O Haru. But Kato, though for form's sake he always deprecated it, loved the little girl almost as much as his son. Indeed, he was a most indulgent husband, and allowed O Haru more liberty than his friends thought reasonable. But such was his affection for her that he could deny her nothing. To see her smile when she welcomed him at the door of his house was as a cup of saké warming his heart. In the day-time he worked at porcelain making with his father-in-law, for he had thrown aside the dress of the Samurai. Kira greatly admired the rapid mastery of his art which the supposed soldier displayed,

and after a fitting time he determined to take him fully into his confidence. This it was that led to Kato's ultimate ruin.

Three years had passed when Kira led Kato into an inner room, the door of which he had never permitted him to pass. Here he opened a chest which stood in the further corner, and turning to his son-in-law, spoke with great solemnity.

'I am now about to reveal to you,' he said, 'work of mine which I do not show save to great nobles, and then only in small pieces and at far intervals. The process is mine, and mine alone. Judge then, if you have seen anything to compare with it.'

He turned as he spoke, and took up a piece. Kato's eyes burned in his head as he looked; for before him was work of a kind that he had seen but once before, but which had been stamped on his memory for all time. Kira took his silence as a tribute to his art, and after showing him several other pieces of a like nature and of similar beauty, replaced them in the box and closed it.

'My secret!' he said. 'My process! and it shall die with me. No other man shall make that work. So that, long after I am dead, those who know shall say, "Aha! This is the work of Kira of Karatsu. They make none such since he has gone."'

Kato did not answer. His thoughts had gone back to another artist whom he had left sitting at his door on the road to Osaka, who had sent him forth upon the quest for this very secret, and to whom he owed reverence as his father. The pride of the Owari potter blazed up in him, and the fierce desire that came upon him to possess that secret appalled him with its intensity.

'Do you keep the recipe in your mind alone?' he asked.

'One written copy I have,' the other replied, 'but not for others—for myself. For the process is curious, and I fear to forget it.'

With these words he led him from the room.

From that time Kato knew no more either peace or happiness. The image of Tsugane was constantly with him calling aloud, 'Come back, come back, and bring this secret with you!' And though it tore his heart to think of leaving O Haru, he knew well that this was but a snare to lead him from the path of duty; for the love of a wife must not be compared in merit with affection and reverence for a parent. A year he waited, tortured by wonder as to the whereabouts of this paper in which the secret was revealed. Then he learnt by chance from O Haru herself that her father possessed a paper on which he set great value, and that it was

hidden in a vase at the bottom of the chest which Kato had seen. And at this his torture began afresh. So he lived with O Haru for another year.

'O Haru!' said Kato, at the end of that time, 'I must have the paper which your father possesses. Me he will never permit to approach it; but you may do so without suspicion. Therefore you must obtain it for me. This is my command.'

When O Haru heard this she was afraid, and kept silence for some time; but when she saw that Kato was indeed in earnest, she answered him:

'My most honourable husband, this that you have set me is a heavy task. Nevertheless, I well know that my duty is to you and to your honourable parent. Therefore, I will do your bidding. But in doing it, my honour is gone; for must I not steal it from my own father? Grant, therefore, my husband, that, having accomplished your wish, I may be permitted to die.'

But this Kato would not hear of. 'You shall not die,' he said. 'It must not be known that you have taken the paper. When I have it I will fly, and it shall be thought that it is my deed alone. By-and-by I will send for you. And for your honour, that is a matter in my keeping. Nor do I hold that a woman can lose honour in obeying the commands of her husband. See, therefore, that this is done.'

So from that time forth O Haru watched her father as well as Kato, waiting for her chance to take the paper. But her heart was heavy as she waited.

At last, one wild November evening, her chance came. She walked into her house where Kato sat, and pushed the writing into his hand. Her heart was thumping against her side, and she spoke in sobbing gasps. 'He slept,' she said; 'he slept—' Her mouth opened as if she had more to say, but no sound came from it. She leaned against the wall.

Kato sprang to his feet, and looked eagerly at the paper. One glance showed him what it was. 'I must be thirty miles away by morning,' he said. 'Farewell! my dear wife; and for this that you have done you shall be honoured among our people for all time. To-morrow you must cry aloud that I have left you. You shall say what evil of me you wish. Thus you shall not be blamed when the loss is discovered. Later I will send for you, and you shall join me again.'

He took his staff, looked once at his sleeping children, and fled forth into the night. Above his head the wind swept through the forest in great gusts and dashed the rain in his face. Stories of the devils that hang among the trees to drop upon the shoulders of belated travellers haunted him with ceaseless persistence. Through it all he was conscious of a great triumph. A fierce elation seized on him and swept him onwards. Morning came and found him still flying. Thereafter his journey resolved itself into a phantom succession of days and nights flying the one before the other even as he was flying. During a rest he took the precaution of learning by heart the contents of the paper. He marvelled at the simplicity of the process. Why had he not himself been able to think of it? Thus it is with all great things.

His precaution stood him in good stead, for in the mountain passes he was set upon by robbers, who took from him his clothes, his money, and the precious paper. Remembering the secret, he could have laughed at them, yet shuddered to think of his case had he neglected to commit it to memory. For two days he wandered naked in the mountains, then begged some rags, and pursued his way. Yet more misfortune was in store for him. Descending a hillside he slipped and twisted his ankle. He limped to a woodman's hut, and there found shelter. The joint swelled and became very painful, so that it was a week before he could proceed.

He fled along the eastern shore of Lake Biwa, with the great snow-clad summit of Fuji in sight. How he hated it in his desire for speed. It stood there day after day, never altering, until it seemed to him that he made no progress at all, but with each day of effort covered the same ground again. Nevertheless, he at last came down upon the Tokaido, the great road that runs between Osaka and Tokio, and, setting his face southward, saw the house of Tsugane, his master, once again.

Kato prostrated himself. Tsugane was much affected. 'My son, my son!' he cried; 'you have returned, as I knew you would. Praise be to the gods! And the secret? You have the secret——?'

From around the corner of the house a man dashed into the road. His eyes gleamed with hate; and Kato, watching him, drew his dagger. Seeing this, the Karatsu man checked himself.

'Put your knife up,' she said. 'I bring a message from your wife. She greets you, declaring her affection and obedience were

yours to the end. She died acknowledging the justice of her sentence—in that she had betrayed her father and her father's people to a stranger.'

'O Haru dead!'

'Your house is burned,' the man went on, 'and on its ashes three crosses have been reared. If you wish to see your wife and children again, go, look for them there.'

And at that Kato laughed, a laugh that made his hearers shudder, for it seemed to them that the whole world must ring with its emptiness. Only to Kato himself the laugh did not seem loud, but rather very small, very far off, as if all the little foxes that the souls of the dead enter into were barking their laughter at him from the tangled undergrowth of all the hills of the world. The Karatsu man paused to hear him laugh again, and then fled up the road as if pursued by evil spirits.

Kato stood looking after him. Tsugane touched him on the shoulder. 'The secret, my son,' he said timidly; 'you have the secret?'

And Kato looked at him vacantly. 'The secret,' he said, and passed his hand slowly over his forehead. '*I have forgotten it.*'

And at that he laughed again.

He came again to Karatsu fourteen days later. He came laughing and smiling like an idiot, according to some; but others said, 'as a man who, through great despair, has at last found happiness.' They built a fourth cross, and nailed him upon it; and as they fastened him there he still smiled.

In the evening they came again, and he was dead, but the smile had not departed from his face.

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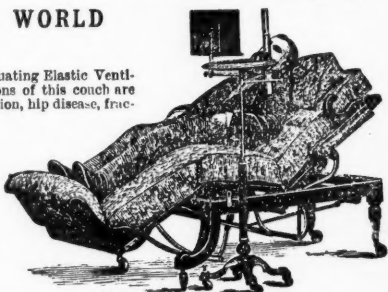
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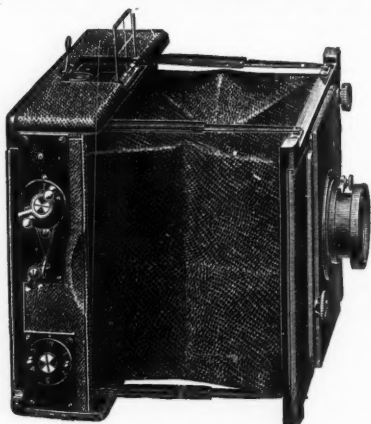
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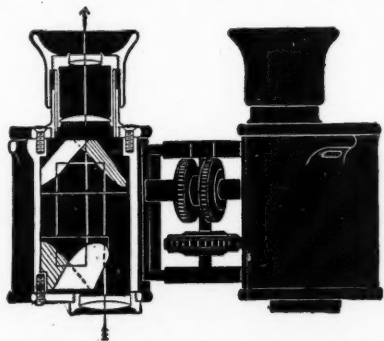
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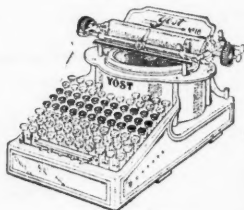
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